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THE STATION WAS CROWDED WHEN THE DOCTOR AND HIS YOUNG WIFE ARRIVED.

For the Favorite.

HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

ACT IV.

SCENE IV.

MISS HOWSON GETS MARRIED.

Miss Howson set about her arrangements for her elopement in a more business-like manner than would, generally, have been expected from a girl of her temper and disposition.

She had given up all hope of gaining her father's consent to her marriage with Dr. Griffith; she knew him well enough to know that once he had "put his foot down," as

he expressed it, it required considerable power to get that foot up again; but, she knew also his natural kindness of heart, and, she wisely concluded that, altho' he would not consent to her marrying the doctor, she would most probably be forgiven if she ran away without leave, and asked forgiveness afterwards.

She did not try the plan Dr. Griffith proposed; she was a little bit afraid of Miss Moxton, and, therefore, did not like to give her the slightest opportunity of being able to interfere with the elopement. She had a sort of undefined idea that her aunt might catch her at the depot, at the last moment, and spoil all her hopes by causing her arrest, or the doctor's arrest, the train's arrest, or somebody's arrest, and so prevent the consummation of her hopes.

She was not at all clear about this arresting business; but, she had got it in her head, somehow, that any two persons trying to elope, may be arrested by any person who pleased to do so. She could not exactly settle in her mind whether it was burglary or manslaughter she could be arrested for; but, she settled it definitely that they should not be arrested at all.

She laid a very careful plot. In the first place, she took an opportunity, after breakfast, to see her father; and, with one small effort to influence his consent to her marriage, appear to acquiesce to his desire.

Next she confided her plans to Julia—who entered into them warmly—and then the two sisters went out to make a call.

Now, amongst Miss Howson's most intimate

friends was a Mrs. Sloper, an old schoolmate who had sloped off with Sloper about two years ago; and who, having been forgiven by her father, had been impressed with the idea that sloping was a very fine thing.

To Mrs. Sloper Miss Howson and Julia went, and she was told of Mr. Howson's objection to Annie's marrying the doctor, and the determination of both parties most intimately concerned to elope; and her kind offices were solicited.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Sloper, "I have not heard of anything so delightful since I ran away with dear Frank; and a terrible time I had. You know how mother went on about my marrying him, and how she persuaded father to order him out of the house. I did not care so much for him, but, I did not like the way mother went on about it, and so I determined to have him at any price. But mother was too smart for me for awhile. Twice she spoiled our plans by going out with me when I wanted to go out alone so that I could meet Frank, and we could be off, until I began to suspect that John the coachman—who carried my letters to Frank and brought me his in return—was playing us both false. And so it proved to be; the mean old thing used to open both letters and read them, and then tell mother the contents. He was making money by it, for, of course Frank and I both paid him, and mother also gave him money; so, he liked it very well.

"When I was sure he was playing me false I did not know what to do; but, at last, I thought of Bridget, the cook, who had always

been very kind to me; and I determined to confide in her.

"Shure an' faith," she said, "ye's needn't want any favors of that nasty old John. I'll fix it all right for ye, honey. You just write a note to Misther Frank telling him to meet ye at the corner the night after to-morrow, and I'll show ye how to git off without anybody suspectin' ye."

"And then she advised me to try a disguise. Oh, girls, you ought to have seen me after I had put on a suit of Bridget's clothes, and blacked my face, and had on a pair of father's cast-off boots, and wore a wig of curled horse-hair! I was a sight."

The recollection of the "sight" seemed to come so vividly before Mrs. Sloper that she threw herself back in her chair and laughed heartily. At last she continued:

"I dressed in the kitchen, and, just as I had finished, mother came down stairs. I was frightened I can tell you; but I was determined to get away if possible, so, I faced her out. She looked at me suspiciously when she entered, and asked Bridget who I was. Bridget answered at once that I was a friend of hers, one who had been kind to her in the South, and that seemed to satisfy her. 'Bridget,' she asked, 'have you seen Jannie within half an hour? She is not up in her room, and I can't find her anywhere.'

"Bridget hesitated for a moment, and then answered, 'Shure, mum, I never goes up to her.'

(Continued on page 160.)

LILIAN.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Coming from the garden,
Tripping through the corn,
Past the fragrant meadows
In the flush of morn,
I met a pensive maiden,
Marvellously fair,
Lillian the gentle,
Lillian golden-hair.

Queen of all the village
In the years gone by,
Queenlier now thy beauty
Beams upon the eye;
First-fruit of sweet promise,
When the Spring is gone,
Of the splendid Summer
Swiftly drawing on.

Large-eyed, wond'ring Lillian,
With the classic grace
Seated on thy forehead,
Floating o'er thy face—
Wouldst thou read the future,
What its burden saith?
Draw no veil asunder
That to Hope is death.

Some heart with Love's own glory,
And pulsing blood, shall thrill—
For who could see thy lustre,
Yet gaze unconquered still?
O dainty, dainty Lillian,
Tripping o'er the green,
To one true captive spirit
Thou shalt be always queen.

THE CASTILLIAN MAIDEN.

"But, father, I love him not."
"That matters not, Dolores; thou must wed him."

"I cannot; oh, I cannot do this thing!"

"And I tell thee that thou must, and shall; and if thou dost rebel, then will I find means to compel obedience. What means this reluctance?"

"Simply this, my father, I love another with all my heart."

"And who is the forward young senor who has dared to woo my daughter without her father's consent?"

"He whom I love is called Valencio Leonata. I met him first at the fandango in Cordova, two months since, and have often seen him since as I walked with Donna Maria."

"Cease, and go to thy room, and leave it not till I bid thee again to my presence; and in thy solitude prepare thy mind to accept willingly the husband I have chosen for thee. He is the richest man in all Cordova, and wed him thou must ere two more months shall have passed."

She bowed, and glided silently from his presence and to her own room, which was a very bower of beauty and luxuriosness, but now seemed but a prison-house to her whose mother was dead.

Below, Don Truxillo paced his room in angry unrest, but ere an hour had passed, the quick tread of a horse's hoofs resounded on the pavement of the courtyard, and directly an olive-hued servitor appeared, announcing that the Senor D'Aracene had arrived, and awaited him.

"Ha!" cried the don, a gleam of pleasure brightening his face; "say I will be with him at once."

And smoothing his features to their usual smiling yet steel-like serenity, the don advanced towards his guest with outstretched hands, and exclaimed—

"Right glad am I to greet thee, Senor D'Aracene. I have much to say to thee, and, not to waste our time, will tell thee at once that I have just had an interview with thy perverse bride elect, Dolores, and dismissed her from my presence with orders to receive and consider thee as her accepted husband. She refuses compliance, but she shall bend to my wishes, mark me, senor, and fear not."

"I do not fear, Don Truxillo. The fair Dolores will yet be mine, and the day that sees her my bride will see thee master of the fair estate of Fazzio, near Seville, on which I have often seen thee gaze with admiring eyes."

"Thanks, thanks, senor; you are more than generous."

And the eyes of the avaricious don sparkled.

"Not so; it is a fair exchange. I take the bride, and give the land—ha, ha!"

And the speaker, a dark-browed, repulsive-looking Spaniard of fifty or over, laughed heartily.

"But am I not to see my future bride to-day?" he asked presently.

"Assuredly, if you desire it."

So saying, Don Truxillo left the room.

Ringing a bell he ordered—

"Send the Senorita to me at once, and bid her hasten. I like not to wait."

And he paced the floor impatiently, until a light footfall announced his daughter.

"I am here, father. What is your will?"

"The Senor D'Aracene awaits to greet his promised bride."

With a low scream, Dolores buried her face in her hands, while the don relentlessly continued—

"And I would have thee hasten to don fitting attire and bid him welcome."

"Father! father!" she cried, falling upon her knees, and raising her hands in supplication,

"force me not to wed this hated senor. Let me remain with thee, and in all Castile thou wilt not find a more obedient daughter; in all else but this thou mayst command me."

"It cannot be; the word of a Truxillo is pledged," he replied, coldly. "The senor loves thee madly, and will brook no insolence, and thy obstinacy will only make it the worse for thee when he is thy master; so hasten and make thy toilet and join us."

"And, Dolores, listen. If thou yieldest not obediently to my commands, as a daughter should, the convent of Santa Isabel will receive another votary."

With these words he turned and left her.

"Then, indeed, am I lost," murmured Dolores, rising from her seat, "for, rather than enter Santa Isabel, from whence there is no escape, I will wed the Senor D'Aracene, for from him I may sometimes be free—perhaps he will die; who knows?"

Her eyes flashed with determination, and she sought their presence.

With an obsequious smile, the senor bowed at her entrance, and pressing her hand, murmured—

"The senorita is charming as ever, I see. I had begun to fear she would not smile upon me to-day."

She shrank from his loathsome touch, but recovered herself as she caught her father's frowning glance, and made some low reply.

Presently Don Truxillo arose and left them alone, saying smilingly as he departed—

"As I have affairs of moment to attend to, the senor must excuse me for a time, and doubt not that he will prefer to do his love-making alone with the senorita."

Hardly had he disappeared, when the senor arose from his chair, and approaching Dolores, who sat trembling upon a sofa, seated himself beside her, and throwing an arm around her shrinking form, exclaimed, in an exultant, passionate tone—

"And now, Dolores, I claim a kiss as the pledge of our love."

"But I love you not, senor—you know I do not love you; how then can you ask a gift of me that you know is so distasteful? Is this Castillian courtesy?"

"But, pretty one, thou dost belong to me. Thy father has sanctioned my suit, and in two months' time thou wilt be my bride. Have I not a right to embrace my own?"

And clasping her in his strong arms, he forcibly imprinted a kiss upon the quivering red lips.

An instant more, and she had pushed him from her with frantic strength, and drawing herself to her utmost height, exclaimed—

"Listen to me, Senor D'Aracene. You say that in two months' time I shall be your bride. Well, be it so; since there is no other choice left me but a nun's cell in Santa Isabel, I consent."

"But mark me well! until the law binds us in one, no kiss of thine shall press my lips, no embrace of thine enfold me; I must be left as free as air, to enjoy as best I may the little time that remains to me, ere I am bound in hateful slavery."

"If I am not granted this, I will find a way to escape thee, even if it be by death. Shall it be as I have said, senor? Shall I be unmolested for the two short months that are left to me of happiness?"

"Ah! senorita, you make hard terms; but since you promise to wed me, I consent to them; but no longer will I wait for my bride than the time your father has set, remember. And, fair senorita, let me tell you that when you are the Senora D'Aracene, you will repent having shown your dislike of me so plainly."

And with these last words of menace, he quitted her presence and the house, and directly she heard his horse cantering from the courtyard without.

Much the don wondered at the sudden departure of his guest; but when, in answer to his inquiries, Dolores informed him of their agreement, and her consent to the marriage, he was content, and even deigned to say a word of commendation at her decision.

The days flew drearily yet swiftly on, and though Dolores was free from present annoyance, the knowledge of the fate in store for her embittered the few hours of happiness she might have had.

One sunny day, as she wandered about her father's grounds, she seated herself to rest on a little hillock crowned with lofty trees.

This spot was a favorite resort of hers, because of its commanding a fine view.

To the south swept the sparkling waters of the Guadalquivir, while far to the north, extending to the east and west as far as the eye could reach, were the mountains of the Sierra Morena, their lofty tops enveloped in the soft cloud-like mist of sunset.

It was a lovely scene, and even the perturbed spirit of Dolores felt the calm beauty of the hour.

As she sat in a half-dreamy reverie, she was startled to hear a voice cry tenderly, softly—

"Dolores! Dolores!"

With a start and a low scream of joy, she flung herself into the outstretched arms of Valencio Leonata.

It needed not words to tell of their mutual love, their speaking glances sufficed; but later on, fond burning words told the same old, old story.

Dolores had heard rumors of Dolores' approaching marriage with the Senor D'Aracene, and knowing that her heart was his own, had flown on the wings of love to rescue her from that dreadful fate, and he had arrived in time,

and the lovers made pleasant plans to thwart the evil designs of the don.

"Dolores, time only encourages our enemies. What need is there of delay, my beloved? Let us put an end to their schemes at once," said Valencio, gravely; while his companion, blushing at his evident meaning, murmured—

"As thou wilt, Valencio. Save me from that fatal marriage, and I will follow thee even to the ends of the earth."

"And wilt thou wed me at once?"

"I will, my beloved. I know no other wish but thine own. I am thine for ever."

"Then be on this spot to-morrow, at this hour, and I will meet thee, and together we will flee from thy stern, relentless father. At Almaden, Padre Herrato shall unite us, and then who will dare take thee from me?"

After a few more words, they parted, and once more Dolores felt her heart light and happy.

Possessing all the fiery impetuosity so characteristic of her race, she feared not to trust her fate with her young lover, though their love was but just acknowledged, and she thought with joy of the happy hours that would yet be hers, when free for ever from her father's iron rule.

The next afternoon, as the last gleams of the setting sun illuminated the scene, Dolores stole to the trysting place, a crimson mantle thrown around her, enhancing the beauty of the pale olive face, from which gleamed her great eyes with startling brilliancy.

Hardly had she reached the spot ere a manly form stole from among the trees and clasped her in its arms, and leading her to a short distance beyond, she saw two horses already saddled and bridled awaiting them.

They mounted, and rode swiftly away along the broad road, northward.

They had not ridden many hours when they met a padre, who yielded to Valencio's urging and the influence of a broad piece of gold which Dolores slipped into his hand, and consented to unite them; and soon they were again speeding on, man and wife.

But as day dawned, they heard rapid hoof beats behind them, and casting a startled glance behind, Dolores saw her father, followed by Senor D'Aracene, rapidly nearing them.

A race of life and death now began.

On, on pressed pursuers and pursued; but suddenly Dolores' horse stumbled and fell, bearing his rider to the earth, and Valencio, unwilling to desert his bride, sprang from his own steed and raised her to her feet, and thus, clasped in each other's arms, they awaited the approach of their pursuers, who came on with rage and hate struggling alternately for the mastery in their evil hearts.

They reined in their horses a few paces distant, and the don haughtily cried—

"Dolores, how is it I find thee, the plighted bride of Senor D'Aracene, here at this hour with a stranger?"

"He is no stranger to me, my father; it is Valencio Leonata, and he is my husband."

"Thy husband, foolish child; prate not to me of husbands. The only one I shall ever know will be the senor by my side, and he now bids thee, as his bride elect, to quit the arms of yonder man, and seek his own."

Hitherto Valencio had remained silent, but now, clasping Dolores closer to his bosom, he said, in a firm, decided voice—

"Don Truxillo, what your daughter has said is true—she is my wife. The padre whom you doubtless encountered, married us last night; therefore, as thou art her father, I ask thee to take back thy cruel words. Forgive us, and let us go in peace, since the marriage you so much desire is now an impossibility."

"Never! We shall see if what I will is an impossibility."

Purple with rage, he drew a pistol from his belt, levelled it, and fired full at the head of Valencio, and the unfortunate youth fell at his bride's feet a corpse, while she, half frenzied, knelt beside him.

As the smoke cleared from around the don, he coolly replaced his pistol, and turning to his companion, who, villain as he was, had sat gazing upon the tragic scene in horror, he said, quietly—

"Senor D'Aracene, take back thy bride."

And turning his horse, without one glance at his distracted daughter, he rode away.

The senor, dismounting, advanced to the side of the stricken girl, saying gently as he could—

"Senorita, this is but a sorry place for thee, and thy father has bidden me conduct thee home. Wilt thou come?"

But Dolores' passionate grief had now given place to a dull stupor, and she made no reply to his kindly speech, and offered no opposition when he raised her from the dead body of her young husband, and placing her before him on his own steed, spurred him on, back to the Hacienda Truxillo.

It wanted but about a month to the time which had been fixed for the marriage of Dolores and the senor, and preparations for the event were pushed on as rapidly as possible, as if no tragic event had so lately taken place; indeed, none of the household knew of what had occurred.

Don Truxillo had himself discovered his daughter's absence, and having communicated the fact to the senor, they pursued and brought back the runaway.

Dolores herself took no part in the preparations, and gazed upon them all with a listless eye. When the day appointed for the bridal came, she permitted them to array her in the gleaming robes, and place the costly jewels upon her neck and arms.

Then, when all was done, they bade her look

in the mirror, and with a start she seemed to realize for the first time what all the bustle signified.

Faling till her cheek was whiter than her robe, she murmured a request to be left alone.

Hardy had the last attendant quitted the room in obedience to her wish, when she glided to a little cabinet, and touching a secret spring, a tiny drawer flew out, in which lay a gleaming dagger scarce six inches in length, with the handle thickly incrusted with gems.

This she raised with a smile full of meaning, and pressing it first to her lips, concealed it in her bosom, and as she did so, her attendants re-entered to summon her to the bridal.

Like a beautiful, stately, marble statue, she stood while the ceremony was performed that bound her to the hated man at her side.

But once did she raise her eyes, and then it was to encounter the stern, relentless gaze of her father, beneath which her own quickly drooped.

The ceremony was done, and the bridegroom turned, with outstretched hands, to greet his bride.

As his dark detested face was bent over hers, she started back with a fierce vengeful scream, and raised aloft her beautiful arm and clenched hand, in which the tiny dagger now gleamed.

But an instant was it uplifted, and then, with all the force passion could summon to her aid, it was plunged in the heart of the bridegroom.

Near the banks of the bright Guadalquivir, surrounded by some of the fairest scenery of smiling Spain, stands the convent of Santa Isabel.

Within its walls there still lives a nun who for twenty years has never looked upon the bright orb of day, or the beautiful scenery that surrounds the convent.

Forty years have not yet passed over her head, and yet it is snowy white; while in the strictest fasts and severest penances now passes the time of her who was once the beautiful and blooming Dolores Truxillo.

ONLY A VIOLET

It is only a violet, faded and old,
That has quietly slipped from the letter I hold;
But it whispers of something I used to know,
When somebody placed it there long ago—
When the letter was sent with its freight of love,
While an earnest prayer went up above.
And I, in a strange land far away,
Was loving him always night and day.

But that was so very long ago!
And time works changes, as we all know.

It may be he has forgotten quite
The loving words that he used to write;
But this poor little flower is pleading here,
For the past, and the things that once were dear.
And the love in my heart, like the violet's breath,
Though crushed and forgotten, can never know death!

HER CHANCE.

Mary Trigillius tucked the money away in her purse. It was a very small sum, but it was the utmost that could be spared for the evening outfit: she and her mother had talked it all over, and such was the decision.

without it her nature is the rose tree without the rose—the dead egg among the cliffs: quickened by the grand passion, it is the eagle soaring to the stars. Your heart is a grander thing now than ever before. Next to loving God, the best thing for woman is to love a good man. Take the comfort of this thought, and leave the humiliation to the heart too hard or too light for loving.

Were I looking into your eyes, my reader, telling my story by word of mouth, I can fancy we might hold something like this dialogue: "Whom was Mary Trigillius, this keeper of a small day-school—whom was she seeking in this brilliant store? One of the under-clerks, perhaps?" "No." "The book-keeper?" "No." "The confidential clerk?" "You must guess again." "The junior partner?" "No, it was Christian Van Pelt, the sole proprietor of that fine establishment, one of the merchant princes of the city." "But what right had Mary Trigillius, this obscure school-teacher, to love this man of fortune? How did she ever come to his acquaintance?" And then I should tell you a very long story, a tedious one perhaps of two Hollanders, close friends, who settled in New Amsterdam; of how fortune had prospered the one until Christian Van Pelt, his lineal descendant, was among the leaders in the dry-goods trade of New York City; of how various disasters had befallen the family of the other, until the daughter of the house, and its only lineal descendant, Mary Trigillius's mother, had married an intemperate spendthrift, who had at his death left her penniless, though the grandchild, Mary Trigillius, had inherited the small house in which mother and daughter found a home.

In the back parlor Mary kept a school for small children: the front chamber was let to a quiet man, who went down town at eight and returned at five, and whom they seldom saw except when he rapped at the sitting-room door on the first day of every month to hand in the three five-dollar bills which covered his rent. Besides these sources of revenue there were a few day-boarders, who sometimes paid for their keeping and sometimes did not.

An intercourse and a show of friendship had all along been maintained between the families of these Hollanders; and now Mrs. Van Pelt, the young merchant's mother, was to give a large party. Mary Trigillius had been invited, and her mother had insisted on an acceptance of the invitation.

"They are quite friendly to you, Mary, and you can't afford to throw away such friends," the mother said.

So it was for Christian Van Pelt's broad, square figure that Mary's eager eyes were seeking; but in vain they sought: it was nowhere to be seen. A choking feeling of disappointment rose in her heart—a disappointment very unequal to the occasion, since she had meant nothing more than to get a sight of the loved figure and then to go on her way. Having satisfied herself that he was not in the store, a yearning desire possessed her to enter the place where he every day walked—a place to her invested with romance, haunted by his presence—a place to which her thoughts often wandered as some stupid child stood by her side in the little school-room spelling out his reading-lesson. She had not for months entered the store—not since that evening when, in her poor parlor, Christian Van Pelt, the rich young merchant, had looked into her eyes with a look that thrilled her for many a day, and spoken some nothings in tones that set her heart throbbed. Indeed, since that day she had avoided passing the store, lest she might seem, even to herself, to be seeking him. And yet her poor eyes and heart were ever seeking him in the countless throngs that passed up and down the busy streets.

"I'll get my dress from his store," she said mentally. "I shall wear it with the greater pleasure that he has handled it. My patronage will be to him but as the drop to the ocean," she said with a little bitterness, "but it will be a sweet thought to me that I have contributed even one drop to the flood of his prosperity."

So she entered Christian Van Pelt's tradeship, and said, in answer to the smart clerk's look of inquiry, "I am looking for a silk that will do for the evening and also for the street—something a little out of style, perhaps, might answer."

"We have some bargains in such silks—elegant dress-patterns at a third of what they cost us in Paris. Step this way;" and Mary found herself going back and back through the spacious building, with her image advancing to meet her.

In a few seconds the counter was strewn with silks at most enticing figures, and the clerk showed them off to such advantage, gathering them so dexterously into elegant folds, shifting them so skilfully in the brilliant gas-light, persuading the lady, in the meanwhile, in such a clever, lawyer-like way: "These cost us in Paris three times the money I am offering them for, and they are but very little *passé*; there is an extraordinary demand for them; they are going like wildfire; country merchants are ordering them by the score; we sent eighty pieces to Chicago, to one house, yesterday, and fifty patterns to Omaha this morning; one hundred and ten we last week shipped to the South; the whole lot will perhaps be sold by to-morrow," etc.—that poor Mary felt like a speculator on the verge of a great chance. So she decided on a light-green brocade, and could not gainsay the smooth-tongued clerk as he assured her, while tying the bundle, that she had secured a very handsome and elegant dress at a great bargain.

The next day Mary and her mother spent in studying and discussing the latest fashion-

plates, but the elaborate descriptions of expensive costumes plunged the girl into another fit of bewilderment and slough of despond. She heartily regretted having accepted the invitation. She began to dread the party as an execution—to shrink from exhibiting herself to Christian with the fine ladies and gentlemen who would form the company at Mrs. Van Pelt's. However, the dress was cut and made, and in this there was a fair degree of success, for necessity had taught these women considerable skill in the use of the scissors and needle. The dress was trimmed with some handsome old lace that had been in the mother's family for years. Mrs. Trigillius pronounced the dress very handsome as she spread it on the bed and stepped off to survey it, and even the despondent Mary took heart, and as she surveyed her image in the mirror at the conclusion of her toilet for the important evening, she felt a degree of complacency toward herself—a feeling of admiration even.

"You look like a snowdrop, dear," said the mother fondly; and the comparison was not inapt, for the young girl's Saxon complexion and fair hair were in pretty contrast with the lace-decked silk of delicate green falling about her.

As she had no attendant, she went early to Mrs. Van Pelt's, feeling at liberty to be unceremonious; and she thought, with a beating heart, that Christian would be her escort home. Mrs. Van Pelt was not in the parlor when Mary entered, but Christian received her kindly, though with a slight embarrassment that embarrassed her. She tried to keep the love-flicker from her eyes and the love-tremor from her voice as she sat there alone with the man she loved, trying to reply indifferently to his indifferent remarks, and wondering if he could not hear the beating of her heart. She was greatly relieved at the entrance of Mrs. Van Pelt. When this lady had kissed her guest, she stepped off a few paces and looked the girl over.

"Your dress is very becoming, my dear," she said, "but why did you get a brocade? Don't you know that brocades are out of style. Nobody wears brocades; and they are not trimming with lace at all. I wish you had advised with me."

The blood rushed to Mary's face. Though she did not turn her eyes to Christian's, she knew that they were looking at her—that he was noting her confusion and comprehending its cause. "He knows why I have bought this brocade," was her thought, "and he knows that I am humiliated in having my poverty held up to his view. Of course Christian knows that I am poor, and he must know, as a consequence, that I wear poor clothes. I can endure that he should know this in a general way, while I shrink from having the details of my poverty revealed to him. I would not wish my patched gaiters and darned stockings held up for his inspection."

Mary hesitated a moment before replying to Mrs. Van Pelt's criticism. Then, with a feeling that it was better to acknowledge a poverty of which both her companions were cognizant than an ignorance of style, she said, with a slight kindling of the eye, "I decided on this dress from economical considerations, and the lace is some which my mother's great-grandmother brought from Holland—I have reminded them, at least, that I had a grandfather," she thought.

As she finished speaking she lifted her eyes to Christian's. She could not understand the expression she saw there. But the poor girl's satisfaction in her dress was all gone. She was ready to reproach her mother for the reassuring words that had helped to generate it. "What if it is pretty? It is old-fashioned. No matter that the lace is rich, when nobody wears it. I must look as though I were dressed in my grandmother's clothes. I wish I was back in my poor home. There I am at least sheltered from criticism. I am a fool in daring to face fashion: I am the silly moth in the candle."

If these were Mary's thoughts as she sat there with her two friends, what must they have become as the regally-dressed ladies, one after another, were announced? There were the majestic sweep of velvet, the floating of cloudlike gossamer, the flashing diamond, the starry pearl, the flaming ruby, the blazing carbuncle. There were marvelous toilets where contrast and harmony and picturesqueness—the effect of every color and ornament had been patiently studied as the artist studies each shade and line on his canvas. And when the laugh and the jest and the wit were sounding all about her, and the intoxicating music came sweeping in from the dancing-room, there came over Mary a lost feeling amid the strange faces and voices—a bewildered, dizzy feeling, such as the semi-conscious opium-eater might have, half real, half dreaming. It was all so strange, so separate from her, as though, herself invisible, she was watching a festival among a different order of beings. Everybody was coming and going, continually varying his pastime, while she sat as unobserved as though invisible. Occasionally an eye-glass was leveled at her, or some lady accidentally placed beside her superciliously inspected the lace and green brocade.

Mrs. Van Pelt found her in the course of the evening, and insisted that she should go to the dancing-room and see the dancing. Mary begged to remain seated where she was. She dreaded any move that would render her more conspicuous, and dreaded especially being recalled to Christian's mind. But the hostess insisted, so the wretched girl crept out of her retreat, and with a dizzy step traversed the parlors and halls to the dancing-rooms. The band was playing a delicious waltz, and graceful ladies

and elegant gentlemen were moving to its measures. Mary's eyes soon discovered Christian waltzing with a young girl in a rose-colored silk. She was not a marked beauty, but the face was refined and pretty, and was uplifted to Christian's with a look of listening interest. A pang of jealousy shot through Mary's heart as she saw this and noted the close embrace in which Christian held his partner, with his face bent down to hers. Soon they came whirling by.

"There is Christian with Miss Jerome," said Mrs. Van Pelt. "Her father is said to be worth four millions."

The next moment Mrs. Van Pelt was called away, and Mary was again left to her isolation. With a dread of having Christian see her there, old-fashioned and neglected, a stranger to every individual in the assemblage of wealth and fashion, she slipped quietly away into the library, where some elderly people were playing whist. She would have gone home, but she lived in an obscure street some distance away. With a sense of suffocation she now remembered that she would have to recall herself to Christian's mind, for she must depend upon him to see her home. "He has not thought of me once this evening," she said bitterly. Soon supper was announced. Gentlemen and ladies began to pair off, not one mindful of her. She was hesitating between remaining there in the library and going unattended to the refreshment-room, when a white-haired gentleman entered from the parlor. He glanced at Mary, and was passing on when he paused and looked again. A moment of hesitation ensued while the young girl and the old gentleman gazed at each other.

"Miss Trigillius, I believe?" he said, finally. "My name is Ten Eyck. I knew your mother when she was a girl, and I knew her father. Allow me the pleasure of escorting you to supper."

Mary took the proffered arm with the feeling of one who unexpectedly encounters a friend in a foreign land.

As he re-seated her in the library after supper he said, "Present me kindly to your mother: if ever I can serve her, I should be glad to do so."

At length the party was ended. Every guest had gone except Miss Trigillius.

"I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you to see me home, Mr. Van Pelt," she said to Christian with a burning at her heart.

"Allow me the pleasure, you mean to say," replied Christian with a bow.

This was but a passing pleasantry, and Mary should not have allowed it to bring the color to her cheek, and that peculiar, half-disdainful look to her eye and lip.

"I fear you haven't had a pleasant evening," said Mrs. Van Pelt as Mary took leave of her hostess.

"It was not to be expected that I should, being an entire stranger."

"Well, dear, come and spend a quiet evening with me soon; and give my love to your mother."

Mary went up to the dressing-room, and soon reappeared, looking demure and nun-like in her white hood and black-and-white plaid shawl. How she dreaded the ride home with Christian! And yet for a whole week she had been longing for this very thing. The thought of the party had always brought the throbbing anticipation of the ride with Christian after the party. How near he had seemed then, and ever since the memorable evening when they had sat together over that book of engravings! How happy she had been then! how hopeful of his love! But now, what a gulf there seemed between them! What had she to do with this atmosphere of wealth and luxury and fashion where Christian dwelt? He had been pleased to amuse himself for a brief space with looking into her eyes, with making some silly speeches, which he had straightway forgotten, but which she—poor fool!—had laid away in her heart.

Thus she was thinking as Christian handed her into the carriage. She wondered what he would talk about. For a time there was a constrained and painful silence, and Mary tried to think of something to say, that she might hide her aching heart from his merciless gaze. Finally she remarked that the streets were quiet, and he that the night was fine; and in such commonplaces the ride was passed.

Mary found her mother up, eager to learn her impressions of the first large party she had ever attended.

"I am very tired, mother," she said, determined to end the torturing inquisition, "and am aching to get to bed. I'll tell you about the party to-morrow. Don't call me early: let me have a good sleep."

With a feeling of sickening disgust she laid off the silk and lace and flowers which a few hours before had so pleased her. The pale face which met her as she stood before her mirror was very unlike the happy, expectant face she had seen there in the early evening. Turning from the piteous image, she hurriedly put the mean dress away, longing to have the sheltering darkness about her. Soon she had laid her head on the pillow, where, with eyes staring into the darkness, it throbbed for a weary while. "What am I to Christian Van Pelt?" This was the question the poor heart argued and re-argued. One sweet delicious evening stood over against this last, so full of heartache.

The next morning Mary felt weary with all the world. Her home seemed poorer and meaner than ever; the boarders disgusted her with their coarseness; teaching was unrelieved drudgery; everything was distasteful. To her

mother's renewed inquiries about the party she replied wearily, "My dress was poor and mean, mother; and had I spent our year's income on my toilet, it would have still been poor, compared with those I saw last night. For such as I there is nothing in fashionable life but heartburning and humiliation."

A few days after this there came from Mrs. Van Pelt to Miss Trigillius an invitation to tea. She at once longed and dreaded to meet Christian; so the invitation was declined on the plea of indisposition. It was renewed two evenings later, and she was obliged to accept it. Mary never looked better than on that evening. She wore a blue empress-cloth, which heightened the fairness of her complexion and of her bright hair. After tea she and Mrs. Van Pelt were looking at some old pictures. They were discussing an ambrotype of herself, taken when she was thirteen, when a servant announced guests in the parlor.

"You were a pretty child, my dear," said Mrs. Van Pelt, rising to go to the parlor, "and you are a handsome woman—a beautiful woman, I may say—your beauty ought to be a fortune to you—but you lack style. I must take you in hand," she continued, talking all the way to the door. "I shall need some amusement after Christian's marriage, to keep me from being jealous of his little wife;" and she disappeared through the door, little dreaming of the arrow she had sent to the poor heart.

Mary caught her breath, and Christian saw her stagger at the shot. Taken by surprise, completely off his guard, he opened his arms and received the stricken girl in his bosom, and pressed his lips to hers. But Mary had not lost her consciousness. Quickly recovering, she disengaged herself and reached a chair. She was more self-possessed than he. He sat down beside her, quivering in every fibre.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried in passionate beweeping, "I never meant to win your love to betray it. We have both been surprised into a confession of our love for each other, and now let me lay open my heart to you. I do love you, as you must have seen, for I have not been always able to keep the love out of my eyes and voice. You will recall one evening—I know you must remember it—when I was near declaring my love and asking you to be my wife. I don't know why I did not—why I left my story but half told. I sometimes wish that I had declared myself fully, and that we were now pledged to each other. But the very next morning I sustained heavy losses in my business, and others soon followed, and to-day I am threatened with utter ruin. If I cannot raise a hundred thousand dollars this week, and as much in another week, I am a bankrupt. And now you will understand why in two days I am to marry Miss Jerome."

Mary started again. Was the execution, then, so near? She drew a long breath, as though gathering her strength for a hard struggle. "Christian," she said in a low tone that trembled with the energy underlying it, "my poor Christian, you are bewildered. These troubles have shut the light away from your path, and you have lost your way in the darkness. If this is true which you have told me, do you not see that when you have delivered yourself from this threatened bankruptcy, you are yet a bankrupt—a bankrupt in heart and happiness? How can you weigh wealth and position against the best good than can ever come to either of us? I am not afraid of poverty, for I have known nothing else; and surely you do not dread it for yourself. This love is the one good thing which God has permitted in my pitiless destiny. Am I unwomanly? If I plead for my life, who can blame me? And shall that which is more than life go from me without a word? Oh, I cannot smile and look cold as though I was not hurt: I am pierced and torn. Yet, Christian, for your sake, rather than for mine, I entreat. You would bring desolation into both our lives. I might endure it, but how could you bear through the years the memory of your deed? You are trampling on your manhood. You are giving to this woman's hungry heart a stone: you are buying with a lie the holiest thing in her womanhood."

"For four generations my house has withstood every financial storm. The honorable name which my ancestors bequeathed to me I will maintain at every hazard," Christian replied with gloomy energy.

"And you will marry Miss Jerome?"

"Yes: it is my only hope."

"Then God help you, Christian. Your lot is harder than mine. At the worst my life shall be true: I shall hide no lie in my heart, to fester there." Her words, begun in tenderness, ended in a tone of scorn. "And now I must ask you to see me home."

She left the room, and soon returned cloaked and hooded, to find Christian waiting in overcoat and gloves and with hat in hand. With her arm in his they walked in perfect silence through the gay, bustling streets, passing God knows how many other spirits as sad as their own. When they came to the humble little house which was Mary's home, Christian stopped on the step as though he would say something, but Mary said "Good-night," and passed into the hall.

We magazine-writers have no chance in the space allotted to a short story for a quantitative analysis of emotions and situations, or for following the processes by which marked changes come about in the human heart. We must content ourselves with informing the reader that certain changes or modifications ensued, trusting that he will receive the statement without requiring reasons of the *modus operandi*.

For a time it seemed to Mary Trigillius that the sun would never shine for her again, but a certain admixture in her feeling of scorn and contempt for Christian prevented her from sinking into a total despondency. As she revolved day after day the strange separation of two lives which should have flowed on together, there grew in her heart a kind of bitterness toward the society which had demanded the separation. And then the diffused bitterness gathered, and was concentrated on the woman and the man who had robbed her of her happiness. Especially did her heart rise against Christian Van Pelt. Gold had won him from her; he had made his choice between gold and her love; and then she would chafe against the poverty which from her earliest recollection had fettered her tastes and aspirations, and at every step had been her humiliation. And then she would feel a wild, unreasoning longing to win gold. What a triumph to earn gold beyond what his wife had brought him—beyond what they would together possess! From the time this thought first occurred to her it never left her except for brief intervals. Day after day, hour after hour, it recurred to her, until she became possessed with it. It was in her dreams by night, and with the day she seized and revolved it, until her brain whirled with delirium. A hundred wild schemes and projects came and went in scurrying confusion. With hungry eyes she read the daily advertisements of "Business Chances," "Partners Wanted," etc., and in answering some of these was led into some strange discoveries and adventures.

"I am mad! I am losing my reason! More gold than their millions! I cannot even make a living for myself, lunatic!" she would say; and straightway in fancy would read in the papers the announcement of a fortune being left to Mary Trigillius—of great and marvelous riches coming to her—and would thrill with her triumph over Christian Van Pelt. She would even pen these announcements to see how they looked, and read them aloud to study their sound. Mrs. Trigillius grew alarmed at her daughter's unaccountable moods. A physician was summoned, who decided that she was overworked, and advised a few months in the country. But Mary refused to leave the city, and continued to search for her "chance."

One day she was reading the New York Tribune, when her eye caught a little paragraph in relation to the eclipse of the sun which was to occur on the twentieth of August, and of the preparations that were being made in the scientific world for its observance—of the universal interest it was exciting, etc., etc.

Mary thought of the amount of smoked glass which would be prepared for the day, then of the soiled fingers, then of a remedy for this, and then—her chance flashed upon her.

For a time she sat there, with kindled eyes, with throbbing heart and brain, revolving and shaping her thought. Then she put on her hat and took the omnibus for Mr. Ten Eyck's office.

"Mr. Ten Eyck," she said, after the customary commonplaces, "you once said that you would be glad to serve my mother. Are you as willing to serve her daughter?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Ten Eyck, growing a little uneasy; "that is, if I can, you understand."

"I have urgent need for money."

Mr. Ten Eyck began to fidget visibly.

"I own a house and lot on Thirty-second street. How much money can you lend me on it? It is a house of seven rooms."

"I know the house," answered Mr. Ten Eyck. "Your mother's father left it to you. There is no encumbrance on it?"

"None."

"Allow me to suggest, Miss Trigillius, as your mother's old friend, that this step should be well considered before it is decided upon. The necessity should be very urgent before you mortgage your home. As your mother's old friend, may I inquire how you intend using this money? Do not answer me if you have any hesitancy in giving me your confidence."

The old gentleman looked at her with such kindly, fatherly solicitude that, after a moment of confused hesitation, she answered: "I will give the confidence you invite, Mr. Ten Eyck. I have a plan by which I can make a fortune in a few days. I propose to manufacture glasses for the great eclipse—say three millions of eclipse-glasses—and distribute them throughout the United States and the Canadas."

Mr. Ten Eyck stared at her through his golden-bowed glasses? Explain yourself more fully."

"I shall buy up all the common glass in New York and Pittsburgh, and in other cities perhaps, at the lowest possible figure. Much of the refuse glass will answer my purpose. I shall have it cut three inches by five, stain it, put two stained surfaces together, and bind with paper. At ten cents apiece the gross proceeds of three millions will be three hundred thousand dollars."

"And how will you distribute them?"

"Through the news agents," she answered promptly, "and on the same terms at which they push the newspapers. By this great system I shall secure a simultaneous distribution throughout the whole country."

Mr. Ten Eyck had laid off his glasses and assumed an attitude of deep attention: "Suppose it should rain on eclipse-day?"

"I have thought of that contingency. I should anticipate it by having the glasses in the market for two or three days preceding the eclipse. To give the glass additional value, I should paste on it a printed slip stating the hour when the eclipse will begin, the period of its duration, and the moment of total obscuration." Then she started and glowed with a sudden revelation

that came flashing through her brain. "I will make the glasses an advertising medium," she continued eagerly. "I will make the advertisements pay all the expenses, and much more. Can I not find a man in New York City, or somewhere in the United States, who would pay a hundred thousand dollars to have three millions of people reading in one moment the merits of his wares or of his remedies? And if such a man cannot be found, one who will purchase the exclusive right to advertise with me I'll parcel it out. Yes, I can pay all expenses with the advertisements; but I must have some ready money to begin with—to initiate the enterprise. Will you lend me the money on my house and lot?"

Mr. Ten Eyck resumed his glasses and sat for a long time staring into a pigeon-hole of his desk in profound meditation.

"My dear Miss Trigillius, allow me, as your mother's old friend, to speak plainly to you. You are planning an enterprise of such proportions that no woman could go through with it. In the most skillful hands great risks would attend it, even with abundance of money to back it; and let me assure you that a woman without business education and with cramped means could have no chance whatever in the arena of experts. Her defeat would be inevitable. I would gladly serve you, Miss Trigillius, and I think, pardon me, that my surest way of doing this is to decline making the loan you ask, and to advise you, as your mother's old friend, to abandon this scheme."

"I shall consider your advice, Mr. Ten Eyck," said Miss Trigillius, "and I thank you for it, whether I act upon it or not;" and she gave a cold bow that contradicted her words.

Mary made many other attempts to raise money, but all were unsuccessful. A few mornings after this her advertisement appeared in the Tribune, calling for a partner with ten thousand dollars to take a half interest in an enterprise which was sure to net a quarter of a million within a month. It had such an extravagant sound that it was set down as a humbug, and few answered it. She had interviews with two young men of such suspicious appearance that she did not dare reveal her scheme to them. Day after day the card appeared with no satisfactory result; and Mary perceived with a kind of frenzy the short time in which, her great work was to be accomplished, growing shorter and shorter. She moved cautiously, lest her grand idea should be appropriated, but she left no stone unturned for raising the money.

Finally, on the ninth of August, impatient, anxious, nervous, she had six thousand dollars in hand, and only ten days intervened before the day of the eclipse. She went immediately to an eminent solicitor of patents, who had influence at Washington, and made application for a patent for advertising on eclipse-glasses. The solicitor thought there was no doubt but that the patent could be secured, so that she might freely proceed with her enterprise. She next contracted with a glass factory for five thousand dollars' worth of glass, and engaged one hundred men to cut and stain it and put up the eclipse-glasses. Then she made several endeavors to see the president of the news agency, and after repeated failures she opened a correspondence by letter with him, briefly outlining her plan, and asking him to undertake through the news agents the distribution of the glasses. The next morning she received in response, through the Post-office, these lines:

"MISS TRIGILLIUS: You have been anticipated in your enterprise. We are engaged to distribute eclipse-glasses for another party."

As Mary read the cruel words that ended all her hopes, she fell lifeless to the floor, and was thus discovered by her mother.

The following day there came a confirmatory note from the solicitor of patents, stating that she had been anticipated also in her application for a patent.

From this period Mary's moods became indescribable. From a state of unrelieved despondency she issued so merry, in such exhilaration, that her mother was glad to welcome back the shadowed mood which soon succeeded. The sagacity of physicians, of her most familiar acquaintances, of her mother, was all at fault. No one could decide whether or not her mind was unhinged, whether or not Mary Trigillius was insane; for it must be remembered that her friends were ignorant of the events we have been narrating—her love for Christian Van Pelt, her disappointment, her grand scheme, the sacrifice of her home and the failure of her enterprise.

The nineteenth of August came, the day preceding the grand event of the century. Mary Trigillius and her mother were lingering at the breakfast table. The girl seemed wild and hawk-like, startling her mother with her unnatural merriment, commenting with weird brilliancy and grotesques and sparkle on the various items as Mrs. Trigillius read them. At length she read a paragraph about the eclipse.

"And we would advise every reader," she continued, "to furnish himself with an eclipse-glass, which he can procure at any of the news depots for the sum of ten cents. The glass is nicely finished, and is very perfect for the purpose intended. We understand that five millions of these glasses have been put into the market, for which the country is indebted to the genius and enterprise of our young fellow-citizen, Mr. Christian Van Pelt, assisted by Mr. W. V. Ten Eyck."

"He has done it! he has again stabbed me!" cried Mary Trigillius, with the maniac's glare in her eyes. "The gold is his—his and hers! Piles of gold! and they have cut it out of my

heart, dug it out of my brain! I have nothing left! Don't you see, mother, I am only an empty shell? Stab me here in the heart, where he has stabbed me: it won't hurt. There's nothing there! nothing! it's all hollow." There was no longer any doubt that Mary Trigillius' mind was unhinged.

During all that day men and children were crying the eclipse-glasses in the street, selling them at every door.

"Hear them! hear them!" the poor maniac would cry. "They are selling millions of them! they are piling the gold all about him and her! They are to have a palace of gold, and Mary's to have only the ashes. Poor Mary! poor Mary! All the good's for them, all the pain's for Mary!" and then she would weep herself into a quiet mood of despondency.

The next day, the day of the eclipse, Mary demanded one of the glasses, and would not be diverted from her desire. She read the advertisement on the eclipse-glass: "Babcock's Fire Extinguisher will put out any fire! Get one!"

"Mother, get me one: I have a fire here;" and she pressed her hand to her brow. She examined the glass again and again, looking it over and over, and reading the advertisement aloud: "Babcock's Fire Extinguisher will put out any fire! Get one!" All day long, at short intervals, she was running to the window and looking through the glass at the sun.

And when the grand hour arrived for the wonderful phenomenon, when the five million glasses were raised to witness the obscuration, and the weird twilight had settled over all nature, this young life too had passed into a total eclipse, from which it has never for a moment emerged.

The poor lunatic never rages. She is sweet and harmless as a child. She makes frequent visits to the glass factories and to the news-rooms to inquire after the progress of her enterprise, and over and over again makes her contract to advertise the "Babcock Fire Extinguisher," and comes back with promises to her mother of the boundless riches which are to flow in upon them.

As for Christian Van Pelt, his wrong to Mary had been unintentional, as he was ignorant of her connection with the eclipse-glass scheme. Though Mr. Ten Eyck had been honest in advising Miss Trigillius to abandon her plans, under the persuasion that with her limited means and want of business training the result could not fail to be disastrous, he yet saw that with capital and energy to push it a grand success might be achieved. Having little loose capital, and his time being well occupied, he unfolded the scheme to Christian Van Pelt, and together they put the enterprise through. Mr. Ten Eyck argued that since Miss Trigillius had abandoned the plan, as he really supposed had been the case, he was not wronging her by prosecuting it himself. He was one of that numerous class who fail to perceive that ideas have commercial value.

HUMAN SKILL.

Two curious needles are owned respectively by the King of Prussia and the Queen of England. The first was manufactured in the presence of its present owner, the King of Prussia, while he was visiting a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marvelled how such minute articles could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see in this respect even something still finer, and more perfect, could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business is to bore the eye in the needle—asked a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and with a smile. He placed it at once under the boring machine, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished King. The second curious needle, now in possession of Queen Victoria, was made at the celebrated needle factory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trojan in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which will immortalize Trojan's heroic actions in war. On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut, and so small, that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle, moreover, can be opened. It contains a number of smaller needles which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

The following is the account of a little trouble in Louisville, as sworn by a police officer: "That raised a row, might it please the court; and Mr. Green he stuck his thumb into Mr. Nobby's mouth, and that thumb hasn't never been seen since. That's all I know about it."

MACAULAY had a taste for ballad literature, and one day he bought a quantity of songs from a street-singer in the Seven Dials. On his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by a company of small boys, looking up to him as if they were expecting something—"Now, then," said he to them, "what is it?"—"Well, that is a good'un," replied the boys, "after we've a come all this way!"—"But what are you waiting for?" he asked, astonished at the boys' familiarity.—"Waiting for? Why, to hear you sing, to be sure!"

MRS. CRINOLINE ABROAD.

Fluttering down the sidewalk,
Flitting 'cross the street,
Head and hands in motion,
Timing to her feet—
Right foot up and ready
Ere the left is down;
Bless me! what a bustle,
Coming through the town!

What a load of ribbons!
For one head to wear!
What a load of dry goods!
For one back to bear!
What a breadth of sidewalk!
For one skirt to hide!
How the little people
Scatter to one side!

There is Grandsire Toddle
Coming down the street;
Poor old man—proud lady!
Wonder how they'll meet!
Grandsire to a lamp post
Clings with vague surprise:
Madam cannot see him,
Madam's lost her eyes.

Lookers on are plenty,
Jokes are very free!
Silly people wonder
Much what she can be.
Man of science guesses,
Looking very pale,
That it is a comet,
Judging by the trail.

Farmer Dobbs conjectures,
Winking both his eyes,
Tis a walking haystack,
By the shape and size.
Tis a locomotive,
Party third disputes,
Judging by the clatter
Of the high-heeled boots.

Madam hears the scandal
With a wrathful frown,
Brings her tiny boot-heel
With a vengeance down;
Up the street indignant
Dashes with a swell,
Wag bawls after, "Muskrat!"
Know it by the smell!"

For the Favorite.

WINONA; OR, THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD,

OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silver's Christmas Eve;" "Wrecked; or, the Roscleras of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXV. OLLA'S SONG.

The Frazer were much interested in the beautiful Valerie, and as Mrs. Frazer reflected that the serene happiness in Olla's sweet-face was altogether owing to the course pursued by Mrs. Lennox, her heart warmed towards the latter with a glow that was almost maternal in its nature. Captain Frazer also, who had been informed of all concerning Theodore and Olla, seemed to emerge from the restless melancholy which had of late so strangely clouded his placid and kindly disposition, and listened to her lively sallies with interest and evident pleasure, so that the drawing-room circle was on this evening an exceedingly vivacious one.

Androsia was pleased to be serenely gracious, indeed she seldom gloomed except when in the society of Macer, or when her thoughts were more than usually hopeless concerning the return of Winona, and to-night her low laughter mingled frequently with the lively tones of her companions.

Dolly, idle as she loved to be, sat on a low stool at her father's feet, nursing the tiniest toy terrier that had ever lived out of that time-honored fairy tale, in which the unreasonable old King commands his son to bring him a dog that will fit in a walnut shell. Her golden hair drifting about her and the fire-light sparkling in her sweet, violet eyes, and on the bethrothal ring glittering on her dainty hand.

Sidney, restless as Puck or Ariel, hovered about Mrs. Lennox, her arch face full of inexplicable things, as she occasionally glanced at Olla, who sat demurely in a shady corner, busy at some dainty finery for Dolly's trousseau, her cheeks crimson, her brown eyes so full of humid light, that she dared not raise them, lest all should read the shy happiness that was welling to them from her very soul. Androsia, who despised needle-work heartily, and loved to be idle nearly as well as Dolly, sat on the hearth rug, her chin on her rosy palm, her great dreamy eyes studying Valerie, and admiring her heartily, as heartily as Mrs. Lennox admired the regal-looking creature, whose romantic story Sidney had taken the earliest opportunity of giving her, in a somewhat rambling fashion, it is true, but in a style sufficiently clear to interest Valerie not a little.

Captain Frazer had lived for some time, when a young man, in Paris, and Valerie's animated descriptions of the modern queen of cities amused him not a little. She spoke freely about herself except on the one subject of her marriage, and save that while living in Paris, she had married a Scotch gentleman, she was completely silent on that portion of her history, and, of course, delicacy forbade any questioning, where it was apparently her wish to be silent. Although the shadow that clouded her brilliant face as she casually mentioned her marriage, woke a feeling of sympathetic curiosity in the bosoms of Captain and Mrs. Frazer, while at the same time they carefully avoided the subject, as it evidently awoke unpleasant and sorrowful memories.

"As a girl, I remember well the gaiety of Montreal," said Mrs. Frazer, with a soft, meditative smile, "and the zest with which I mingled in it. It must be much changed, however, since I have had an opportunity of visiting it."

"I like it," said Valerie, with sparkling eyes, "the air of the place in winter is so clear and exhilarating, and it is very lively, I assure you. Ah! I have been almost happy during the three years I have lived with my dear aunt."

She kept back a heavy sigh as she spoke, and raised her slender hand as though to shade her fine eyes from the glow of the fire.

"She and I were educated in the same convent," said Mrs. Frazer. "As Mademoiselle DesLorges, she was exceedingly beautiful."

"Theodore is very like her," said Valerie, glancing at Olla, "and she is still extremely handsome."

"Theodore's lovely," said Sidney, looking in the same direction with mischievous eyes, "don't you remember Olla, when he spent a day here in spring before Archie went away? Rosie said that he was the most beautiful young man she'd ever glimpsed! She actually did, Mrs. Lennox. Though apparently her capricious fancy has veered round in favor of Mike since."

Valerie laughed, and Dolly, looking up from her task of tying a pink ribbon round "Cupidon's" neck, opened her rosy lips, and with a glance of large-eyed reproof at Sidney, said, "I don't think Mr. Denville is in the least like Mike, Sidney. Mike is almost quite plain and has no air, and is so much older, and his clothes are not at all nicely made. I'm sure Mr. Denville would not wear a coon-skin cap like Mike. 'Cupidon' carried it in here to me the other day, and it had a lame chicken in it, which Mike had put there to get well in the summer kitchen. I don't think Mr. Denville would put poultry in his caps, Sidney," and having raised her voice in defense of Olla's lover, Dolly resumed her decking of "Cupidon," in his pink favors, with the exalted air of a priestess adorning a sacrifice.

Sidney was so overcome at the idea of Dolly's views of her speech, that she laughed until the infection caught the others, and the room rang with the merry peal, which so excited "Cupidon" that he barked from Dolly's lap as furiously as though possessed of the soul of a mastiff, his eyes flaming from under his tangled hair like spots of fire. Olla blushed and laughed, and blushed again, and Valerie, pitying her crimson cheeks, turned to her with one of her bright smiles.

"Come," she said, "I remember what a charm your voice had for me in Montreal. Sing for me, pray; see, the piano is open."

Olla's voice was indeed rarely beautiful, and had been carefully cultivated, and with ready grace she complied with Valerie's request, glad to turn her speaking face from the group about the fire.

An intense cold and intense heat scorch the flesh, so the extremes of happiness and sorrow are parted by so frail a barrier, that either most certainly partakes of the nature of the other, and as Olla placed herself at the instrument, the tremulous joy that filled her whole being was mingled with that quivering of the soul, which leaves it uncertain whether tears or laughter will triumph. Her fingers strayed over the keys, and involuntarily into the prelude of a Scotch ballad, a great favorite with Captain Frazer, and she began to sing, while Valerie listened, leaning back in her deep chair, her eyes fixed on the fire. The wind wailed a melancholy accompaniment of Aeolian chords round the eaves, and through the pine tops, and the plaintive melody gathered new sorrow from the sound.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine;
To pull the thorn thy braw to braid,
And press the rue for wine;
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue;
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew,
My love,
No more of me you knew."

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in wintersnow,
Ere we two meet again."
He turned his charger as he spoke,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle rein a shake,
Said "adieu for ever more,
My love,
Adieu for evermore!"

Mrs. Lennox listened with hands clasped on her lap, and her ivory face intent upon the fire, and when the last cadence died away, she neither spoke nor moved; but Mrs. Frazer who sat facing her, saw a heavy tear sparkling on

her jetty lashes, a tear that did not fall, but dried there, and was followed by no more. Anxious that no one should observe, the witness of an emotion that she felt was based on some sad and sorrowful page in the history of her guest, Mrs. Frazer rose and glancing significantly at her husband who, she perceived, had also remarked it, said as she touched the bell.

"I must be rude enough to disturb our circle. We will have supper and then you must all really go to bed. Poor Dolly is half asleep, and as for Mrs. Lennox and Olla, they must both be sufficiently fatigued. Is supper ready, Rosie?" to the smart parlor-maid who answered the bell.

"Yes'm," said Rosie, who looked very acid indeed, "leastways nearly, for I had to see to that there Mr. Macer. Not that some people's ankles is as badly hurted as they pretends to be, by a good bit," and Rosie sniffed the air disdainfully.

"What nonsense are you talking, Rosie?" said Captain Frazer, a little sternly. "Are you alluding to Mr. Macer?"

"I'm not alluding to nobody, Captain Frazer, if you please," said Rosie, loftily; "but I'd be ashamed to make such a fuss about nothing. Supper'll be ready right away'm," and Rosie disappeared with a flounce, in the direction of the morning-room.

"My dear, that girl is allowed too much liberty of expression," said Captain Frazer, vexedly. "What does she mean, do you think?"

"She doesn't mean anything, papa," said Sidney, "She has been quarreling with Mike, I daresay, and feels a little spiteful. That's all."

Valerie excused herself from supper, and in a few minutes was in the solitude of her own chamber. She locked the door with hands that trembled, and then flung herself on her knees, her face pallid as ashes, her black eyes dilated.

"Oh, heavens," she groaned. "How nearly I came betraying myself, when she sang that song. But to-night will end all. I dare not venture to hope, and I dare not turn and flee, when I see the hawk hovering over these tender doves. Is it my hand that will bring fiery vengeance. I could almost die, if by dying I could shake the sword that I feel fate has thrust into my grasp, from me. Oh, the woe for a soul to be brought to this strait!"

She flung her white arms up, in a paroxysm of mutual anguish, and threw herself along the floor, with her face down, and long after the household was wrapped in profound repose, she lay thus, her form motionless except when convulsed by a dry sob, the pallid moonlight drifting over her through the window, in a ghostly pall. The firelight flickering, fading, dying on the walls and the wind playing weird funeral harmonies without.

Was she the only watcher in that quiet house?

CHAPTER XXVI.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Macer looked from the fire to the clock, a small, bronze one over the mantle-piece.

"A quarter of one," he said, silently, "and the house is perfectly quiet. The night, however, is fortunately shrewish and loud voiced. Hark! how the wind surges across the river, and roars amongst the pines yonder where that monument shines ghostly in all weathers. Queer old fellow to have such a melancholy sight constantly before him. It reminds one something of the mediæval taste for skulls and crossbones. To this favor ye must all come," and so on.

What an old Bayard he is too! There is something in his silver hair and falcon eyes, old as he is, which has often made me quake either for fear that some mistimed feeling of reverence on my part, or those piercing glances on his shoulder mar my little schemes. Even now I cannot quite cease regretting that success in them will bring his contempt on me. Pshaw! what nonsense to moralize and prate such sentiments when but half an hour separates me from the commission of as dastardly a crime, as I could almost well be guilty of! And I knowing myself so thoroughly, too! No, not if Heaven opened and proffered me an immortality of bliss, as the price of my desertion of my present hopes, I know that I would not turn aside from the path I have marked out for myself, by so much as a hair's breadth. Yet am I human! I would gain wealth hand in hand with Virtue if so I could, but if that is forbidden, welcome Vice, but welcome as an accomplice, not as a friend. I wonder what will this new complication of events lead to? No present danger, that is certain, for I went through the ordeal unrecognized, and I am not likely to see her again. Well, the fate that cast me a nameless walf on the world will either mar or make my fortunes soon. They will not miss the document soon, or should they, why suspect me? a cripple confined to my chair, and without an object in purloining it. The only danger I have to apprehend is that it is not in the escritoire, but I am convinced that it is. Once in my possession I will soon destroy all trace of it. As for recognition, I have had ample proof to-day how safe I am. Valerie! you are a cunning piece of nature's handiwork; but in truth I love you not! Go your ways in peace, pure and noble as I know your white soul to be and your spotless life, but cross not my path, or—" A look of terrible darkness swept like the clouds of a hurricane across his face, and he clenched his hand as it lay on the arm of his chair until the muscles rose on the white skin, like whippcord. He gazed into the fire, his face illumined by the lurid glow, working with stormy passion. It seemed as though across his foretaste of triumph, some spectre had stalked ominous of

disaster. He was at once and without new cause disturbed and agitated. "As the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth," so across the securest moments of guilty triumph sweeps a hurricane that destroys the content of the hour, and is nameless, a bastard child of remorse and fear; remorse which does not lead to repentance; fear that yet stays not the hand from its work of evil. Such was the deadly wind that shook the soul of Macbeth, while the murder of his liege was yet but a fearful phantom pictured on the mists of the future.

As the smoke of a great fire is tossed to and fro by the rushing tempest the vast flames themselves attract, so the soul of the guilty man is shaken violently by the storms his crime has brought howling round him, but still, as the eager, naked flame leaps on to destroy, so his soul knows no relenting, and rushes in fiery billows on its path of desolation and destruction.

Macer was a bad man, but a bad man more from education and circumstances than from the moulding of nature. He would fail, as he said, gain his will, like Macbeth

"Hollily, wouldst not play false,

"Yet wouldst wrongly win."

but yet would bate no jot of that will, because virtue must needs fly in his gaining of it.

Gradually his wide brow resumed its usual placidity, and once more his eyes sought the clock. Its hands pointed to two, and a sombre smile crept over his heavily bearded lips.

"The innocent and young as a rule are not wakeful," he thought, "my time is nearly come. The house is quiet as the grave."

A low, but profound sigh, that almost stirred his hair, sounded behind him and with a start he lifted his head. His lamp he had extinguished an hour before, but the firelight threw a vast shadow across the floor and wall of the form standing motionless at his side, so close to him that the folds of her drapery almost touched his hand, as it lay on the arm of his easy chair.

His heart gave a great bound, like the swing of a mighty hammer, but at once his indomitable will was again master of the expression of his emotions, and his face expressed simple astonishment, but only such as would be natural in a man who finds his solitude invaded at midnight by a lovely and unknown woman.

"Madame," he exclaimed, "Mrs. Lennox! may I ask to what I am indebted—?" He paused and looked at her as though unwilling to credit the evidence of his senses. There was nothing theatrical in his manner; no one for a moment could have suspected what a subtle piece of acting it all was; no one but the woman at his side.

She stood for a moment looking at him with piercing eyes; eyes of dumb accusation, of mental pain subdued by a strong will—eyes, the changes in which were swift and inexplicable as the shifting of the northern lights. The lines in her fine face were deepened, the mouth expressed invincible determination, illimitable sadness. A lofty and mournful compassion was shining on her calm brow. She moved forward, so as nearly to face him. "Malcolm," she said, in a low and guarded voice, stretching her hand towards him, as though to command his attention, "you see we have met at last!"

He looked at her curiously, with a smile of amusement and surprise, tempered with a courtly kind of deference that was always noticeable in his bearing towards women.

"There is some strange misapprehension at work in your mind, Madame," he said, gently. "My name is Harold Macer, Artist and Bohemian, and really I cannot recall ever having seen, before, a face which once known must remain for ever an integral part of one's memory." He looked at her with an air of respectful admiration, such as frequently fell to the lot of very pretty women from the tribe, a member of which he called himself; critically too, as though he were pleasing himself with thinking what a fine study she made in the red halflights falling on her ivory face and purple raiment from the fire.

"This subterfuge is useless, Malcolm Lennox," said Valerie, in the same hushed voice, and never for a second removing her large, dark eyes from his; "nay, more, it is fraught with danger to yourself. Your disguise would deceive any gaze but that of your wife. To me it was as none. The moment I saw you I knew you for the husband who deserted me, and—"

She dropped her head for one second and her cheeks became ashy, but she reared it again and looked at him, "and plundered my employers," she breathed, rather than spoke.

Macer's very brow became livid. He made as though he would have risen, but sank back again with a half groan apparently extracted from him by the pain of his strained foot.

"Madame," he said, with a gesture of proud denial, and meeting her eye with his eagle glance, unflinchingly, "were you a man, I should know but of one reply to your extraordinary accusations; as it is I must beg of you not to give way to so unhappy an hallucination. I am the person I have stated myself to be and none other!"

"Oh," she said, with a sad and proud smile, "do not misunderstand me, Malcolm. I have no desire, in seeking you thus, to lure you to my side again. I can confess to you that you are still the dearly beloved of my heart, and in the same moment I can swear to you that no consideration of whatever kind could move me to let our lives flow in the same channel again. No, my purpose in coming to you thus is to warn you."

Macer's pallid face had recovered its healthy

hue, but his eyes were full of fire and gloom as he looked at her.

"Not being in a position to claim the position you would assign me," he said deliberately, "I must beg, madame, to decline pursuing the conversation. Were I not confined, as you see, to my chair, I should do myself the honor of opening the door for you. The hour is scarcely seasonable for such an interview."

For the first time a shade of disdain lit across her perfect face, but it faded instantly, and a kind of tender anguish and compassion of him filled her radiant eyes instead.

"Listen to me, Malcolm," she said, in a voice that was not alone plaintive, but tremulous with the agony of a high soul who feels that pleading is useless to turn, even for a moment, the feet of one who errs from the precipice on the brink of which he totters. She stretched out her hands to him as she spoke. "Listen to me, for the sake of the love no longer existing, I know, in your breast, but strong and immortal in mine—strong and vital enough to risk all to save you, but one thing—Honor."

For the first time a hunted look stole into Macer's eyes, and, with unwilling steadfastness, he gazed at her as though spell-bound by her voice and manner. Even then he had sufficient command of his emotions to mask his agitation by a show of haughty surprise. He would have spoken, but she hurriedly waved her hand and continued:

"When you deserted me in France and fled, covered with the odium of a felony, the forgery of your employer's name, I felt neither anger nor scorn of you. I thought of the hard fate which had thrown you as a nameless waif from infancy on the world, and oh! Malcolm, it was with a great compassion for you that I weighed against your crime the fiery temptations which had surrounded you through life, the evil influences which, like a pestilence, had blighted the germs of good in your soul. When your utter desertion of me grew to be a fact that I could no longer doubt, I still loved you. That I still love you I have said; but at the same time, I cannot, will not refrain from showing you the fearful position you have placed me in."

She clasped her hands together, and looked for a second upwards, when Macer broke impatiently, as he glanced furtively at the clock.

"Really, Mrs. Lennox," he said, "I am utterly astounded that, in the face of my assertions to the contrary, you persist in mistaking my identity."

She looked at him with melancholy calmness and raised her hand commandingly.

"Hush!" she said; "your assertions but confirm the fears with which I sought this interview. You know that I have no desire to claim you as my husband. I married you because I loved, and thought that love returned. To me it would be insufferable degradation to force my affection on one who was capable of treating its bestower as you have done." Here a slight flush of lofty pride swept across her ivory face and faded. "And all this you know as well as I myself know it. Therefore, in your persistent denial of your identity to me, I see but a confirmation of my suspicions."

"May I ask what they are which you honor me by entertaining?" he said, looking at her with deadly eyes.

"That you are engaged in some plot disastrous to the happiness of the innocent family under whose roof I find you, disguised and bearing a false name," said Valerie quietly, steadfast under the baleful glitter of his gaze; "such are my suspicions. This is my warning: If so much as a hair of these innocent heads suffers through your machinations, I shall at once denounce you, even if in so doing I should break my heart. Otherwise," she added, lifting her supine head with an air of inexpressible pride, "I should be the first of my race who tarnished our pure annals by becoming the supine witness, and hence aider of wrong and treachery."

He bounded in his chair in a sudden frenzy of uncontrollable rage. For the first time in his life, in the light of her love and scorn, he saw what an abject wretch he really was, and he was stung to quick if passing madness by the real anguish of soul which for a moment possessed him. Then, too, the terror that his plans would be frustrated added its viper lash, and, pallid as the grave, he looked in her face, torn by such a whirlwind of contending emotions that his reason for a second seemed plunging headlong from her throne. To be a comfortable villain, it is not necessary to take

"Lucifer, the fallen son of the morning," low one's model, for writers agree in placing his hell, not in material flames, but in the torments of a debased grand soul, torn by the refined anguish of an immortal remorse, which is not remorse,—it is simply necessary to get rid of all impulses of good, murder the soul as far as possible, and cultivate one's mind and digestion. Your villain with a sickness of remorse upon him is but a pitiable knave, who, in making ruin for others, makes a hell for himself before he enters the shadowy bark of old Charon.

Valerie was a brave woman, but only a brave woman, not an Amazon, and she moved back a step as her husband gazed at her dumbly.

"I will go now," she said, glancing towards the door. "I sought you at this hour in order that nothing would be suspected concerning you. Look to it, Malcolm, that you save yourself and me from the alternative I have pointed out. If I am mistaken in your designs, we meet no more; if not, I shall face you as your accuser."

She walked towards the door, and, pausing

turned and looked at him, and her hand sought a fine chain of gold round her grand throat, and which she always wore. Indecision was written on her face, and after a moment's sharp conflict with herself, she drew a locket miniature from her bosom, and walked swiftly back towards Macer.

"Keep it," she said, laying it on the stand at his side; "it is the miniature of our dead child. You loved her. Let her angel face plead with you as no human voice or words may," and before he could open his rigid lips to speak, Valerie was gone like a shadow from the room.

The hands of the little bronze clock were pointing to three, and Macer rose from his chair, in which he had sat motionless since Valerie left him. Without looking at it, he lifted the locket from the stand, and after kissing it again and again, thrust it into his bosom.

"I dare not look upon your face, my loved darling," he muttered, "not until its mute appeal shall be powerless to weaken my resolve. To-night must decide much."

From a pocket he produced a very small dark lantern and a skeleton-key, and noiselessly opening the door, he stood, for some five minutes, listening intently. The house was quiet as the grave. Long bars of pallid moonlight fell into the dim lobbies from the windows, and carefully closing the door behind him, he stole like a shadow towards the stairs. As he crept on, a spectre in the ghostly light, another shadow slipped from behind a projection of the wall close to the apartment he had just left, and, pausing when he paused, glided after him, silent as a snake writhing through dank grass.

(To be continued.)

IT WASN'T SO WHEN I WAS YOUNG!"

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Dame Myrtle looked adown the road,
Where, hand in hand, two lovers strayed,
And to the prying villagers
The secret of each heart betrayed.
The look of love was in their eyes,
And love was in the songs they sung;
"Ah, me!" the good dame said, and sighed,
"It wasn't so when I was young!"

"For maids were coy, and men gallant,
And urged their suit on bended knee;
Those were the days of modest love,
Those were the days of chivalry!
But now a lover's looks and ways
Are themes for every idle tongue,
And hearts are not the precious things
They used to be when I was young!

"Why, in my time," and here she paused
To set her cap and smooth her hair,
"We thought 'twas part of Love's behest
To keep a lover in despair.
But now the maid is lightly wooed,
And lightly won, I must confess;
Too willing lips can never yield
The bliss of that reluctant Yes!"

Dame Myrtle took her glasses down,
And wiped them very clean and dry,
While, hand in hand, before her eat,
The happy lovers sauntered by.
She seemed to hear their whispered words,
She seemed to know the songs they sung:
Good dame, confess that you forget;
'Twas just the same when you were young!

For the Favorite.

WHO WAS RIGHT?

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER,
OF MONTREAL.

"John, shall we answer this advertisement, in the paper?" said old Mrs. Wildare.
"What is it, wife?" said her husband, putting on his spectacles, preparatory to looking over the newspaper, which his wife handed to him—and he read aloud the following:

"Board wanted for the summer in a respectable farm house, by a young lady, who is in ill health, and requires a change. Address, &c., &c."

"Well, wife," said the old man, when he had finished, "what has this to do with us? We don't want any boarders."

"Why not, John," replied his wife, "we are not over rich, and these city boarders pay well, it will help us considerably, in laying in our winter stores."

Mr. Wildare shrugged his shoulders. "You forget," he said, "there won't be so much to be made after all; for you will have to find dainties; she won't be likely to fancy our homely fare. Mayhap, she will turn the heads of the young fellows around here, our Robert included, with her fine airs, and what good will that do any body. Mark my words, it will be so, if she comes." The old man shook his head sententiously, and looked very wise.

"Tut! tut!" said the old woman, "that is nonsense, John; Robert's head is not likely to be turned so easily; all he cares for is his books, that he's always reading, except he runs down to his cousin Mary's, and you know he thinks no end of her."

"We'll see, we'll see," said the old man, "a willful woman must have her way."

The advertisement was answered and all things satisfactorily settled.

Three days after Miss Ella Travelle—the young lady in question—alighted from a cab, alone with a trunk and band boxes, before the door of Mr. Wildare's pretty farm house.

She was a fragile-looking creature with large soft, blue eyes, an abundance of light brown hair, with a golden tinge, half put up, half falling in loose curls on her neck. Her complexion was fair, almost transparent; but it was not her eyes, hair or complexion which rendered her interesting, but an expression of good nature and intelligence which beamed in her countenance and made her lovely. Ella Travelle had been left an orphan two years before, quite penniless, to the care of an uncle. He was not unkind, but his more worldly wife looked upon Ella as an intruder; likely to "carry off the laurels" in society, from her less favored daughters.

Ella quickly perceived it; consequently, her life was not very pleasant. She withdrew herself almost entirely from the family, to her own room, where she devoted herself to reading and study. This confined mode of life acted on her health. Her uncle noticed with anxiety her pale cheeks and drooping eyes and urged her to accompany his wife to a fashionable watering place to which they resorted every summer; but Ella refused to do so.

However, she gladly accepted his offer to go into the country for a change; so things came to pass as we have seen.

"What a pretty, polite young lady, Miss Travelle is," said Mrs. Wildare to her husband a few days after Ella's arrival, "but, dainty as you said; it is trouble enough to get her to taste a morsel of anything; the only thing she enjoys is some new milk."

"Well, I am sure, wife, that is cheap enough and it will do her a world of good, and bring a little color in her pale face. She seems a clever looking little witch."

Days glided into weeks and found Ella quite domesticated.

"Did you ever make bread or pies, Miss Ella?" said the old woman one day.

"No, Mrs. Wildare, but I have got a good insight into the mysteries of housekeeping since I have been here;—perhaps, I could do it myself if I tried."

"I'll be bound you never washed a tea cup, nor a pocket handkerchief."

"Not so bad as that, Mrs. Wildare," said Ella laughing; "but I can't say I know much about work—papa and mama did not allow me to exert myself at all; perhaps, I might have been stronger if I had; and I have never been required to do anything of house-work in my uncle's family."

"Well, child," said the old woman, "as long as you can do without it, it is all right; but, you must marry a rich man; you couldn't do for a poor man."

Ella laughed again, and said she had not begun to think of that yet.

Ella enjoyed the beautiful walks in the fields and romantic sports, which she was directed to by Robert, who was not unfrequently her companion in these rambles; and when some wild, beautiful, scenery would burst on her view, she could not resist the temptation of sketching it. This she was not proficient in, but it was still rather pleasing to see her attempts.

Ella had been rather agreeably surprised to find a young man, in the homely garb of a farmer, with such gentleness of manner and extensive information.

His appearance was also very prepossessing; he was about the medium height, with expressive gray eyes, well formed, muscular, and having a cheerful smile. His society was very pleasant. Yes! those were halcyon days for Ella.

"I wish Robert would not always be following about Miss Travelle so much," said Mrs. Wildare, "I am afraid Mary is not overpleased. The last time she was here he hardly took any notice of her, and he scarcely ever goes down to the Rookery as he used to. I know he is making a fool of himself, for doubtless she thinks too much of herself to look at him, in the first place; and, in the second place, she wouldn't be the wife for him. He would be stone mad to think of it."

"Well, wife, who put him in this temptation; wasn't it you brought her here; did he go for to seek her? As for myself I don't blame the young man liking the girl, she understands him better than Mary does; he can talk to her of all the things he reads; and then he's mad after those pictures of trees and ruins she draws when she is out walking."

"What is all that to do with it, will those 'fiddle faddles' make her a useful wife? If he is fool enough to wish for her, he is no son of mine," and the irritated old woman dashed out of the room.

The summer drew to a close. Ella received a letter from her uncle summoning her home on the following Monday. Her visit to the country had had a wonderful effect, in renovating her health; much to the pleasant surprise of her uncle when he met her at the station.

Mrs. Wildare was not sorry at her departure, before her son was "throughly lost" as she expressed it.

Robert saw Ella to the station, and to the last in spite of all his warm admiration, maintained towards her, the same distant respect he had ever shown her. Sometimes it had crossed

his brain, that she was very kind, very cordial, to him, which he only imputed to good-nature, yet, when she offered him in farewell her little hand in a warm grasp, and a tear glittered in her eye, he was puzzled at her feeling such regret.

"Come and see me, if you ever come to town," she said. "I have been very happy this summer, I shall never forget you all."

The train steamed off, leaving Robert gazing after it, spell-bound, feeling as if the sun had suddenly been darkened, and life was a blank.

"What do you say, Robert? You are going to the city to live and leave your old father and me, is this the gratitude of my only son?" and the old lady burst into tears.

"Now, mother, listen to me," said her son, "father is strong still, and able to do all with a little help. You would not wish to sacrifice all my hopes in life by staying here. Farming is not to my taste; I like a stirring life, and want to see a little of the world. I will come down often and see you, and write every week."

"You never, never would have thought of this," sobbed the old woman, "but for that girl I was fool enough to bring here last summer. Your father was right, he said I would repent it. I suppose you will go and see Miss Travelle the first thing, and she will make a fool of you. And then what will Mary say?" continued the old woman, not allowing her son to say a word.

"Mother, listen to me. I am not likely ever to see Miss Travelle again, I do not intend to seek her. I do not think of marriage at all just now. Mother, do not interfere with Mary, let her marry whom she pleases."

Robert started for the city a few days after. He got testimonials from the clergyman of the parish, which, united with his frank, intelligent face, soon procured him a situation in a large store. He sought no society, but devoted himself to the pleasure of reading. Often, however, would the image of Ella fit through his brain; in fact, he never forgot her, and, unknown to himself, she really was the guiding star of his life.

Chance one day favored him with a meeting. Coming out of a book-store one afternoon he met a young lady entering the store accompanied by two little girls. At the first glance he was struck with her beauty, but he did not recognize her; however, in a moment after the remembrance of who it was burst on him.

He almost trembled with agitation, but calming himself, he raised his hat. She passed with a slight bow, but almost instantly returned and touched him with her finger.

"Mr. Wildare, I did not recollect you at first, you are so much changed. I am so glad to see you," and she shook his hand warmly. "I am no longer at my uncle's," she continued. "I am governess to these young children. I will be happy to see you whenever you wish to pay me a visit."

She gave her address, got into the carriage which was waiting, and the bright vision departed from his view.

"John Wildare, will you come up and listen to this?" said Mrs. Wildare one afternoon, shaking up her husband from a nap after dinner.

"Here is a letter from Robert, and what do you think, he's married to Miss Travelle! He never even told me he had seen her again, the artful fellow. What will Mary say, poor thing, as I was telling her only yesterday that he would be sure to come for her some day, and not to encourage that long gawky fellow that's always dangling after her. Ah! well-a-day, what a useless wife he has got! The little baggage can do nothing; and he to make his way in the world, too."

"Oh! you let him alone, wife; he knows what he is about. The girl is no fool; they'll manage all right. I'm not sorry to hear it if he fancied the girl; let him have her. As for Mary, she wasn't suited to him, and I fancy she won't break her heart about it."

Mr. Wildare was right. Mary did not grieve about it, but soon after gave her hand to the young farmer who was so pertinaciously following her, and was noted for her nice butter and chickens in all the neighborhood.

In the meanwhile Robert and Ella were as happy as falls to the lot of most mortals. His income enabled him to live in a small but comfortable house, and to keep one servant girl.

Two years fled away, and then a most unexpected crash came. Robert fell ill with inflammation of the lungs, brought on by a neglected cold. The situation was kept for him for some time, until his employers could wait no longer; then their income ceased.

There had been but little saved, and gaunt poverty stared the hapless couple in the face.

Robert still continued too ill to leave his room; but Ella had met all the exigencies with a fortitude which her husband had not given her credit for, sent away the servant and did the household work herself.

Failure after failure in broths, gruels, &c., took place, but still, not disheartened, she kept on cheerfully until she succeeded. Many hours a day did Ella have to leave her husband to perform some work which she had undertaken, but which she did not wish to tell her husband until he was better; but she had to work, money was to be had, and the young courageous wife kept on.

"What shall we do, my dearest?" said Robert one day to his wife, "we must be getting deeply in debt. What shall we do if I do not get better soon?"

"Do not trouble your head about such things, Robert; leave it to me to manage. Try and regain your strength. Your illness is all the anxiety I have. I will save all I can."

"But, my dear, you have but little money to save."

"Not another word, Robert; go to sleep, you are so pale," said Ella.

Oh, dear, dear! just as I said it," exclaimed Mrs. Wildare, bustling into her husband's bedroom one morning; "Robert is very ill, lost his situation. What will become of them, and such a useless creature for a wife. I suppose she will let him starve for something fit to eat, and will sit and wring her dainty little hands, when another woman would know how to use them to some purpose. As you are better, John; we must go to town and see him. Poor boy, if he had only stayed at home and married Mary! It makes my heart heavy every time I see her and Will Denis pass by in their waggon; they look so happy. Well-a-day!"

It was about a month after this that old Mr. and Mrs. Wildare contrived to reach their son's house.

"How in the world, Robert, are you doing for money," said his mother.

"I am sure I cannot tell; I only know that I have every thing I want, and Ella says things are all right."

"Very strange," mused the old lady. "I offered her some help with money, when I came yesterday, to provide for us; but, she told me she did not require it; very strange that she should not tell you where she gets it."

The next day Ella was out on some business, when the postman knocked, old Mrs. Wildare went to the door and received the letters.

"A letter directed to your wife, Robert," she said, handing it to him; "it feels as if it had money in it; who can it be from. You say she would not ask her uncle."

"No, I think not," said her son; "but she will soon be in and read it herself. I do not open her letters."

The old woman said nothing more, but every now and then giving a significant "humph."

Presently Ella came in, looking charming with her cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling after her rapid walk.

"Ella, here is a letter," said her husband, handing her the missive.

She started and looked annoyed.

"What is it, Ella, is it from your uncle?"

"No, Robert, it is not. It is a little secret which I intended keeping from you until you were quite strong; here it is, read it for yourself;" and breaking open the letter Ella glanced her eye over it and placed it in her husband's hand, along with the money, which was ten pounds.

The note was from the editor of a monthly magazine sending her the amount for her last articles, and engaging some others for the ensuing month. Robert almost gasped with astonishment.

"My wife, my darling! why did you keep this from me. I never thought you had such a talent."

"I kept it a secret from you, dear Robert, until you were well; I thought you would be anxious and uneasy if you knew that I worked so much; for you would never let me sit long to read or write, you said it made me look ill."

"Bless you, my love, I know that you meant it all for the best; but, remember, dear, the moment I am able to help myself, you must not write too much."

Mrs. Wildare, senior, never once spoke during this scene between husband and wife, but appeared quite dumb-founded at discovering her mistake, that instead of marrying one who would be a burden, her son had become possessed of a jewel, and still more surprised was the old lady before she left to find her daughter-in-law could cook, bake, and wash, almost as good as herself.

"Well, wife," said old Mr. Wildare, when Robert was quite recovered and they were returning home. "Who was right. Didn't I tell you the boy knew what he was about, and had married a clever lassie?"

THE WISE MAN'S CHOICE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

It is a simple story we have to tell, and as it is a story of to-day, with the actors living and moving among us, we will not direct the stare of the multitude by publishing real names.

Let us say that Mr. Beverly, was a merchant, wealthy, respected and influential, doing a business large enough to satisfy the ambition of an Astor or a Billy Grey. Previous to the fell swoop of the fire fiend in Boston, his store reared its granite front on Franklin street, and multitudinous and bulky were the bales and boxes that found daily transit to and from the busy mart.

In Mr. Beverly's employ were three clerks—George Aeton, Phillip Lewis, and Clarence Bugbee—who had entered to learn the mercantile business, and who had given promise of proficiency. The fact that they had been retained in the house a year or more, was proof positive to those who knew Mr. Beverly, that

they were of industrious, steady habits, and youths of promise.

At his home Mr. Beverly had among his children a daughter—Florence by name—who often came to the store, and whom the clerks had met at her father's house. These clerks could be gay and gallant on occasion, but never toward Florence Beverly. The feeling they entertained toward her was one akin to worship. In their hearts they adored her afar off, giving her respectful attention, and prizing her smile of recognition as a priceless boon.

So far as the family connections of these three young men were concerned, they were all honorable, respected people, but none of them wealthy. Mr. Beverly was not wont to seek his trusted servants among those who had been reared in ease and luxury.

On a certain occasion Mr. Beverly was heard to remark, that he would rather give his daughter in marriage to a man poor in purse, who could bring the wealth of a pure and upright heart, than the possessor of millions whose manhood was tainted in the least degree.

This remark came to the knowledge of the clerks, and it is not surprising that they thereupon experienced wild and brilliant day-dreams, in which most stupendous and dazzling castles were constructed in the air.

As time rolled on they became more and more familiar with Florence's sweet smile, and were admitted to a degree of friendship which proved, at least, that she did not despise them.

At length came the devastating fire of the ninth of November. Upon viewing the scene of desolation, and calculating the chances and the necessities of business, Mr. Beverly resolved that he would not immediately seek new quarters for the continuance of his trade. He had no need, and he did not care to do it; so he secured an office where he could meet and consult with his correspondents, and settle outstanding accounts, in pursuance of which only the services of his private secretary and two book-keepers were required.

The three clerks were summoned to the merchant's presence. He told them what he concluded to do, and why he had so concluded, and he advised them to seek some other employment until he was ready to start again.

"I shall rebuild as soon as possible," he said, "and then your old places will be open for you. In the meantime, if you are hard pushed, do not hesitate to come to me for assistance."

Within two weeks from that time both Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee called upon Mr. Beverly, and asked for the loan of a hundred dollars each. They had been unable to find employment, and were in arrears for board. The merchant kindly gave them the money, and with it a little fatherly advice touching care and economy.

One day, after this, as Philip and Clarence were walking down the blackened track which had once been Franklin street, they saw a young man, in a guernsey frock, working at the windlass of a derrick amid the ruins of the old store, whom they thought they recognized. They crossed over, and found it to be their fellow-clerk, George Acton. They were astonished and scandalized.

"In mercy's name, George, what does this mean? Is it only an escapade of yours?"

"No," answered Acton, wiping the sweat from his brow, "I am fairly and honestly at work, and I earn two dollars a day. That's better than loafing."

"Heavens!" cried Philip Lewis, with a start, "here come Mr. Beverly and Florence. Go and hide yourself, Acton, before they see you."

But the young laborer did not budge an inch. Just then the boss called out to "hoist away!" and George applied himself to the work.

Meantime Mr. Beverly and his daughter had come upon the scene, once more to look upon the ruins of the grand store-house. Lewis and Bugbee bowed respectfully and then drew aside in mortification that one of their fraternity should be found in so menial a position for, it was evident that both father and daughter had recognized the youth in the garb and grime of toil, as the former clerk.

"Halloo!" cried Mr. Beverly, as soon as he was sure that his eyes had not deceived him. "Is this you, George Acton?"

"Yes, sir," replied our hero. His face was flushed, but it was with healthful labor, and not with shame,—the steady brightness of his eyes showed that.

"Are you regularly hired here?"

"Yes, sir. The contractor gave me this berth until we can find one better."

"What does he pay you?"

"Just the same as he pays others—two dollars a day; but I earn a dollar extra in the evening by keeping his accounts. It's better than nothing, sir. I tried to find a clerkship; but there were at least a dozen applicants for every vacant place. Of course I couldn't starve; and while I have health and strength I will neither beg nor run in debt. I was brought up to work, you know; and, thank Heaven, I'm neither afraid of it, nor do I feel above it."

"Hoist away!" shouted the master; and George Acton applied himself again to his work.

Mr. Beverly went over and talked with the contractor, and from the fact that they looked several times towards the windlass where the young clerk was at work, it was reasonable to suppose that they were speaking of him.

And during this time Miss Florence spoke with Philip and Clarence, and a delicious fluttering seized them as they met her welcoming smile. They expected that she would speak of the sad and humiliating spectacle exposed before them, and they were prepared to tell her

how mortified they felt; but she made no allusion to the circumstance. She did not even intimate to them that she had recognized the young man at the windlass.

By and by Mr. Beverly came out from amid the ruins, and having drawn the arm of his daughter within his own, and bowed to his former clerks, he departed. He did not bow an adieu to young Acton, for just then the laborer was busy at his work.

And Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee walked away talking of their pity for poor Acton.

"Mercy!" cried the former. "I wouldn't have been in his place when Florence Beverly came upon the scene for all the money in Boston."

"It was certainly humiliating," asserted the other. "But," he added reflectively, "Acton never was really high-toned, I guess his family is rather low-bred, any way."

And in this conclusion both young men fully agreed; and they further agreed that they should not in the future recognize George Acton as an acquaintance.

A week later Lewis and Bugbee had occasion to call at the office where Mr. Beverly had established his business head-quarters, and they were not a little surprised at beholding George Acton seated at the desk of the confidential clerk and correspondent. It was a private room, with a glass door, which George occupied, and they did not go in there; but they ventured to ask one of the book-keepers if Acton had been permanently employed.

"I don't know about that," replied the book-keeper. "I only know that Mr. Beverly seems to have taken a sudden and strong liking for the young man, — that he entrusts him with his private correspondence, and has given him a home beneath his own roof."

Another day came—a day when the sleighing was excellent, and when the merry bells were jingling far and near. Through the kindness of a friend Lewis and Bugbee had managed to secure a team for the afternoon, and they drove out upon one of the Brighton roads. Out in the country they met the superb double cutter of Mr. Beverly, drawn by a pair of rattling bays.

Upon the front seat sat the merchant and his wife, and upon the back seat, smiling and chatting with all the grace and charm of friends who had given to each other the fullest trust and confidence, sat George Acton and Florence Beverly!

What did it mean?

If Philip Lewis and Clarence Bugbee are not stupid beyond belief, they must ere this have solved the problem; and may the solution give them new and enlarged views of life and its duties.

FASHIONS IN CRITICISM.

There are certain fashions in letters as there are fashions in dress. The wit and wisdom of one period is cloaked in a different garb from that of another, and it is necessary even for a popular writer to be acquainted and furnished with the most recent affectations of style which happen to be in vogue. And as we occasionally see women returning with the milliners to the discarded hoops and powder, so we have our poets decking themselves in the braveries and peculiarities of bygone days. This imitation of antiquity gives to the fresh product an air at least of Wardour-street reliquary interest. It answers the purpose of inferior versifiers admirably. They can hide their want of originality, invention, correct drawing, as it were, behind the coffee-coloured pigments and the ancient varnish. They may have the luck to find eloquent interpreters whose business and pleasure it is to discover rarities as Mr. Reade discovers the beauties of Cremona fiddles. The ingenuity of the most profound critics of our time is best displayed and exercised upon difficult and puzzling work. It is their function to describe the method involved in the madness of the raving ode and the mazy sonnet, which to the common understanding, seems to be an inextricable conundrum. There are surely writers amongst us who have gained reputations by being uniformly unintelligible. These oracles uttered the most mysterious things, and at length it came to pass that poets who previously seemed to be as incoherent as the dog baying the moon, were regarded as inspired, and as sacred from satire, comment, or incredulity as the fools were in Greece who were supposed to have gone mad after seeing a deity. And in the midst of our culture of the obscure and of our admiration for the turgid, we have also set up for admiring a kind of simplicity to which the occasional babble of Wordsworth might be considered masculine and robust in expression and in thought. Mr. Tennyson has to a great extent been blamed for the development of these follies, but it is scarce fair to charge him with the perpetual offences of the mimicking mob. The real criminals in the matter are the critics. And we are inclined to think that they have been moved to lenity more through pride or indolence than good nature. A critic now strives to prove that he could be a poet as well as a critic if he would. He has been losing temper of late under the outbreaks of the ungrateful authors whom he has so fattened upon butter and rose leaves that the slightest deviation from an attitude of devotion brings upon him the most desperate abuse of his craft by the pampered "child of genius," who can be a very fishwife in the command of vituperative terminology. In a whole twelvemonth, you will not perceive a single literary or illiterate pretender nailed on the barn-door, or hung upon that "keeper's

tree" which every appointed Judge of books ought to have for exhibition to his patrons. The justice performed upon dunces in the old days of the *Edinburgh Review* is sadly required just at present. It should be wholesomely and vigorously exercised to discourage the crowds of the incapable and the ignorant who deluge the world and the circulating libraries with books every month. It is the function and the duty of the critic to show no unkind mercy to those who furnish him with undeniable evidence of incapacity. He is cruel to stay his hand, and is disloyal to his craft besides. The effect of the feeble and uncertain tone of the so-called book notices of the day has been the growth amongst us of crops of authors who furnish nothing but thistle-fodder for suitable readers.

We are not proposing that a class of critics such as that of which Gifford was a representative should now come forward to do battle with the purveyors for the libraries, although we are not so sure that the pen of a Gifford would not be more productive of good than of harm at this crisis. Many living poets richly deserve the treatment which Montgomery received at the hands of Macaulay, and shoals of contemporary novelists might with benefit to the public meet from reviewers the same sort of genial recognition which the sea fisherman accords to the worthless dog-fish. But we have become fastidious and almost apologetic in dealing with the very dullest trash which has the luck to be presented in print. We detect the subtle humor in the innocent antics of American Jack Puddings who in their own country are valued at the same rate in *belles lettres* as we estimate nigger songsters in music. Our own accepted authors are the breathless manufacturers of two romances at once, sometimes even of three. That these productions should be slipshod in style, vague in plot, and distractingly weak and diffusive altogether, little matters. The accepted author has by prescriptive right, as it were, a claim on his critics to say the same things of him whatever he turns out. If by any chance a reviewer breaks through the custom nothing can equal the astonishment and the rage of the accepted author. One would think it was his person rather than his book that was assaulted. He endeavors to shirk the point of a charge brought against his wooden story by explosions of abuse which few people indeed can imagine to proceed from a real sense of wrong inflicted on him. The critic is a sour, disappointed personage, who still writes upon gin-and-water in a garret. He is venal and spiteful, or ignorant, and without a shred of literary conscience. Now, we believe, the critics have themselves to blame for language of this kind addressed to them. They have surrendered the position they ought to have upheld by discretion as well as by ability. They have constituted themselves the very humble servants of writers whom they should have tested and analyzed fearlessly, rather than nervously, in performing their office.—*Globe*.

GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE.

There are a certain number of people in the world who enjoy the reputation of being "so very good-natured." Now, real practical good nature—the good-nature that is slow to take offence or to see evil, and quick to do a kindness or to help a friend, or one who cannot help himself, whether in small things or great—is one of the most charming of human qualities, to say the least of it. Perhaps we might rather call it one of the high developments of the Christian spirit. But of this, as of other pure gold, there are many base imitations often palmed off upon us, in this world of shams, as the genuine article. Among these may be classed a certain "rough and ready" geniality, a noisy hilarity, a confident manner, as of who should say, "I am sure of my welcome; I would not think so badly of you as to suppose you did not like me," together with great care in asking favours, which often gets called "good nature." This sort of person goes easily and pleasantly through life; nothing troubles him long; he generally has a laugh ready, and is blessed with a strong *physique* and armed with no sensitiveness of mind or body.

He is not at all quick at taking a hint; and if you try to give him one, the chances are he will stare full in your face, and say in a loud cheerful voice, "What do you mean?" and after that you are obliged to tell him (for he has a good deal of curiosity); and thus the whole room is rapidly made aware of the *mot d'étrange*, for your "good-natured" friend cannot conceive why there should be any mystery. He never has any concealments, not he; he hates mysteries, and the whole world is welcome to know his affairs! But somehow the world does not always find them very interesting, as they chiefly consist of how he has bought and sold his horses or his poultry; what he pays for house-rent, for his butcher's meat, and the like; while in exchange for this touching confidence he quite expects to know all your little ins and outs, from your tailor's or milliner's *spécialités* to your love affairs, if you have any! He will "drop in" at all sorts of hours, call everybody he possibly can by their Christian names, and, in short, "makes himself quite at home," You get rather tired of it; but then he is such a cheery sort of creature that you feel a brute for complaining; and if you even begin to do so, ten to one somebody says, "Oh! don't you like So-and-so? He is such a good-natured fellow!" If, however, you in your turn ever think that you will ask this "good-natured" fellow to do anything for you—say to give a message, or do some little commission—you

will probably find that, somehow or other, it is a failure; either he forgets it and is "awfully sorry," or else he "really can't possibly manage it: nothing would have delighted him so much, but it is quite out of the question, because — &c., &c.

People who really do kind and good things for their fellow-creatures seldom have this popular easy-going sort of character; experience has taught them that, though they would not for the world miss doing a kindness, yet it is rather hard work to be always doing it; and they are perpetually shedding so much sympathy out of their natures that they are apt to suffer from a state of chronic fatigue, and often are rather melancholy, except when roused by some demand on the cheerful side of their being.

Sometimes, unfortunately, they allow themselves to get into a depressed and injured sort of manner, as of habitual victims; and this cannot be too greatly deplored, as, in spite of their real goodness, such persons can never be appreciated; and are, in fact, far less agreeable than the more selfish easy-going persons who are called "good-natured."

Manner is a more important thing than is generally thought; the best and kindest people destroy their own influence, and, what is worse, often create a prejudice against goodness, by a hard, dry, discouraging manner; more especially as, after all, manner is generally on the whole a tolerably fair index of the mind. Those who are courteous and genial probably feel kindly towards us at the moment, even though they may forget us directly after; and certainly such people are infinitely preferable to those who are equally careless of us, and are rude into the bargain. There is no reason why people should seek our society if they would rather not (indeed no one would wish it, we hope), but everybody has a right to expect courteous recognition and due civility at such times as they are thrown into the society of their fellow-creatures.

What we protest against is the misapplication of the term "good-nature," when it is used only to cover the absence of anything better, and to excuse the aggressiveness, thoughtlessness, or want of refinement which are so peculiarly annoying to more sensitive persons. The good-nature which takes and does not give; which accepts and does not confer; which asks and does not grant; and which enjoys life loudly, regardless of other people's trials, is a quality which certainly gets its full share of appreciation.

We are often reminded of the sad and bitter words of the Psalmist, "So long as thou doest well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee." Yes; so long as you can "play your cards" with success, you will be popular as a partner: even there, though, there is a reverse to the picture, and your adversaries may perhaps like you better if you do not win quite so much! Still, their comments must be made "under the rose;" no one can well run down a very successful man—still less a very successful woman—for fear of the imputation of envy and jealousy, and indeed it is well to look closely into one's own heart, and make sure that there is not really some taint of these unamiable qualities in such cases.

Anyhow, it is better to keep silence and let the successful enjoy their success; only let us never lose a chance of speaking a good word, or holding out a hand in aid of the unsuccessful. They may have "had their day," or their "day" may never be destined to dawn on this side the grave; but their more triumphant brethren and sisters are pretty sure of their vicissitudes before the game is played out, and then we shall see which are the real gems and which the imitation. Many are "good-natured" enough while all goes well with them, who, nevertheless, cannot stand the test of adversity, cannot pass through the crucible of suffering.—*John Bull*.

KATE STANTON, in her lecture on "The Loves of Great Men," asserts that planets revolve around the sun by the influence of love, like a child revolves about its parent. When the writer was a boy he used to revolve around his parents a good deal, and may have been invited thereto by love, but to an unprejudiced observer it looked powerfully like a trunk-strap.—*Danbury News*.

WARNING TO UMBRELLA CARRIERS.—The man who walks the streets, carrying an umbrella under his arm, was at the corner of Fourth and Vine this morning. He stopped suddenly to speak with a friend, and a man behind him nearly broke the point of the umbrella off by running his eye against it. The man swore and the umbrella chap wheeled suddenly, tearing off a young lady's back hair. He turned to apologize, and jabbed the end of his umbrella into a very tall policeman's stomach. Policeman administered a jerk and the umbrella point tore off a portion of a small boy's ear, and immediately after carried the starboard corner of a man's mouth up into his front hair. Stepping back in dismay at what he had done, he rammed the umbrella down a bystander's throat, and at the same time he fastened the hooked handle (the probabilities are that the handle was not only hooked but that he hooked the entire umbrella) into a colored citizen's wool. In his efforts to get his umbrella loose, the unfortunate owner of it upset a fruit and candy stand and plunged head foremost into one of Suire's plate-glass windows. In the excitement and confusion that ensued the umbrella was put in a huck and driven to the hospital, and the man was taken to an umbrella store to undergo repairs.

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MIMICRY.

"Like cures like" is the fundamental maxim of a growingly important branch of the healing art. But as the most elementary and universally accepted truths, may, by the prying eyes of those who are not satisfied with taking things at second-hand, be traced farther back to truths more simple and facts more general, we are bold to suggest that the motto of the modern Esculapian school is only a developement — a new application of a human propensity which manifests itself in the most multifarious and most curious ways. Homeopathy is mimicry turned to good account. It is an attempt — practitioners, and a good many of their patients also, contend, a successful attempt — to make Nature herself, in her most malignant moods, subject to the law of imitation to which the human species in their relations with each other are subject. It is only a manifastation of a principle which enters very largely into human activity — which, in fact, is the secret of what we call "civilization," and which links us more firmly at once with the lower and higher order of beings than anything physical yet discovered and made known by Tyndal, Huxley or Darwin. Man has been described variously — as a responsible being, a creature that can fiddle, one that can, after due training undergo three sermons a day; an animal capable of laughing, — and so on interminably. All these definitions must to the least conside ate appear to be imperfect. They fail in being either too general or too particular. There is only one propensity which really "makes the whole world kin," and that is the propensity to imitate. The fun of the short ptticoated and knickerbocker occupants of the nursery and the enthusiastic applause of the Royal Italian opera; the neat cravat of the newly ordained curate and the dignity of the b-lawned archbishop; the limping lines of the local poet and the faultless stanzas of the laureate; the strut of the ensign and the pomposity of the colonel are extremes of what is identical in nature but differs in magnitude. Man is an imitative being. This is the definition which in width and exactness we would make pre-eminent over all others that have been attempted. Why does Angelina puff out her back hair, or twist it into a huge and intricate coil? And why does Augustus clip his in a style suggestive of the penitentiary or encase his feet in shining leathers, which put him to excruciating torture? In either case there is an obvious contempt of the fitness of things. The tendency to imitate explains all — and nothing else does. Angelina makes herself ridiculous because Laura has done so; and Augustus torments himself because Frederick, whose lead every dandy must follow, has previously afflicted himself in a similar way. We see no objection to this. *Cui bono?* What is the use of objecting to the innate or the inevitable? *Punch's* most cutting satirists are impotent when they apply themselves to the

correction of the social absurdities, however much they may amuse those whose particular follies they do not touch upon. Nothing short of the eradication of this tendency to imitate would do what the satirists feebly aim at. And after all it may be questioned whether this eradication is at all to be desired. The follies of fashion are only the running to seed of a plant which could not be up-rooted without infinite mischief resulting. The only thing that can wisely be done is to turn the propensity to the best account, for what is most ridiculous may, by judicious treatment, be made sublime, and what is most useless by similar treatment in the highest degree serviceable. There seems of late to have been a growing conviction of the truth of the conclusion which we have just announced. The very tameness of our jovial old friend *Punch's* jokes on female and masculine foibles, is only one of many symptoms of growing faith in the utility of the tendency to imitate, and to regard as inevitable occasional excesses, in themselves sufficiently ludicrous.

FACT AND FICTION.

Their are a great many people in this world who would fain wipe out of human nature all romance, or fiction, and tie us down to the mere realities of actual occurrences. They are for ever like Mr. Gadgrind, crying out for "facts, hard facts," pooh-pooh as useless all kinds of literature which have not what they call "a living interest in them." Novels they regard with horror, and even historical romances they regard as abominations, and call the perusal of such works a waste of time. Now we have a very great respect for hard facts, but we also believe with Ben Johnson that,

"A little nonsense, now and then,
 Is relished by the wisest men."

We do not believe in the system of overcrowding the mind by constant doses of facts, and giving no respite by a little fiction. This is essentially an age of facts; the railroad, the steamboat, the telegraph have so drawn the ends of the world together that we are every day put in possession of more facts than our grandfathers could gather in a month. The number of inventions, discoveries, triumphs of engineering and mechanical skill, victories of intelligence and perseverance over circumstances and difficulties — all hard facts — which are recorded in the newspapers, are sufficient to make a man almost crazy, if he tries to grasp them all, and does not relieve his mind a little, occasionally. It is a well worn truism that the present generation is living under very high pressure, that we crowd into one year the events of two or three, sometimes of almost a whole lifetime; and we look upon fiction as the safety valve which keeps the mind from exploding and regulates the pressure brought to bear on it by the immense accumulation of facts in this essentially matter-of-fact age. We must not be misunderstood to say that we endorse all the mawkish and sentimental trash with which literature is unfortunately flooded; and which is no more to be compared to pure works of fiction than the sparkling waters of the St. Lawrence are to be put in comparison with the muck which runs in the gutters; but we do believe in good healthy novels, based on good morals, and worked out with an artist's skill; they tend to relieve the mind from the pressure of the realities about it, and to freshen and enliven the imagination. Who would be cruel enough to rob a boy of his "Robinson Crusoe," and yet the "hard fact" people will inform us that Robinson Crusoe never visited the island of Juan Fernandez at all; and, indeed, if they are very hard fact people they will tell us there was never any such person as Robinson Crusoe at all. Well, what if there wasn't; does that make the story any less interesting to the boy, and does it do him any the less good on that account? For fiction does do good; it in-

culates a great deal of sound, solid, useful information at the same time that it amuses. We frequently gain a great deal of knowledge from fictions, and gain them too almost unconsciously; for it sometime happens that in reading fiction we come across a "hard fact" which we swallow without being aware of it, just as we swallow a sugar-coated pill without tasting any of the unpleasant flavor of the medicine; but the pill does us no less good on that account. We do not believe in fiction only, any more than we believe in fact only, or "all work and no play"; we believe in a judicious blending of the two "Hard facts" are to the mind what bread and meat are to the body, while pure fiction may be compared to the water which washes them down, and purely sensational and immoral literature of the "Penny Awful" stamp, to the dirty water in which the plates and dishes have been washed, and which is only fit to be thrown in the gutter, or given to the pigs.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Parliament opened on 5th inst. The following is the full text of the speech from the throne:

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In addressing for the first time the Parliament of Canada, I desire to express the satisfaction I feel in resorting to your advice and assistance, as well as my deep sense of my own good fortune in being permitted to associate myself with you in your labors and aspirations for the welfare of this Dominion.

I rejoice to think that my assumption of office should have taken place at a period when the prospects of the country appear so full of promise, when peace and amity prevail amongst all neighboring nations, and when so many indications are afforded of the success with which Canada herself is consolidating her political unity and developing her material resources.

In accordance with the decision of Parliament, and to carry into effect the legislation of last session, I have caused a Charter to be granted to a body of Canadian capitalists for the construction of the Pacific Railway. The Company now formed has given assurances that this great work will be vigorously prosecuted, and a favorable state of the money market in England affords every hope that satisfactory arrangements may be made for the required capital. The papers and correspondence relating to this subject will be laid before you.

During the past year the surveys for the improvement and extension of our system of Canals, for which appropriations were made last Session, have been in active preparation; and I am glad to inform you that the plans and specifications for the enlargement of the Welland and the construction of the Baie Verte Canals have been completed, and that the works can now be put under contract.

The surveys for the St. Lawrence Canals will,

I am assured, be finished in time to commence the works at the beginning of next year.

This will insure the completion of all these great undertakings at the same period.

It is gratifying to know that the efforts made to encourage immigration have met with a great measure of success, and that the numbers seeking a home in Canada have been greatly augmented during the last year. I do not doubt your readiness to make ample provision for the steadily increasing stream of settlers that may hereafter be annually expected to add to the population, wealth and strength of the Dominion.

The compilation of the first Census of the Dominion approaches completion, and this would, therefore, seem a fitting time to provide for the establishment of a proper system for the accurate collection and scientific arrangement of statistical information. I command this subject to your attention.

It is important that provision should be made for the consolidation and amendment of the Laws, now in force in the several Provinces, relating to the representation of the people in Parliament. A measure for this purpose, and one for the trial of Controverted Elections, will be submitted for your consideration.

Your attention will be invited to measures for the amendment of the Laws relating to Pilots, to Salvage, and to the Trinity Houses of Montreal and Quebec, as well as for the improvement of the Laws generally, affecting our Merchant Shipping.

Experience has shown that the duties now performed in the Offices of the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Provinces, may be readjusted with advantage to the public service. A Bill on the subject will be laid before you.

Among other measures, bills will be presented to you relating to the Criminal Law, to Weights and Measures, and to the amendment and consolidation of the Inspection Laws.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I have given directions that the accounts of the past, and of the first six months of the present financial year, shall be laid before you

without delay. You will be gratified to learn that the finances of the Dominion are in a prosperous condition, and that there is no reason to doubt that the revenue will be sufficient to meet all contemplated charges upon it.

The estimates for the ensuing year, which will be submitted to you, have been prepared with as much regard to economy as is compatible with the efficiency of the public service, and I venture to hope that you will be of opinion that the supplies which my Government will ask you to vote, can be granted without inconvenience to the people.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Many of the subjects I have enumerated are of the greatest importance. It is with full confidence in your patriotism and wisdom that I commend them to your consideration, and I trust that a Gracious Providence may guide your counsels in whatever way may best promote the happiness of the people of Canada, and the welfare of the Empire at large.

PASSING EVENTS.

AMADEUS met with a perfect ovation from the Italians.

M. THIERS' condition was such as to cause serious apprehension.

A MEETING is to be held in Hyde Park in favor of an amnesty to Fenians.

GERMANY has appropriated 80 million thalers to build a navy and dock-yards.

CARDINAL CULLEN, in a pastoral letter, denounced the Irish University Bill.

THE master carpenters of New York have at a meeting, fixed ten hours as the length of a day's work.

By an explosion at Mount Valerien, Paris, one hundred persons were injured, twelve fatally.

THE Hon. Mr. Thibaudeau declines to come forward as a candidate for the Commons in Quebec County.

RUSSIAN officers were leaving for Central Asia, and it is probable the expedition against Khiva would soon be on its way.

PRINCE BISMARCK made a speech in favor of the bill to limit the authority of the Roman Catholic clergy in Germany.

PRESIDENT THIERS has recognised the belligerent rights of the Carlists, and it is said Don Carlos will try to raise a loan.

A canon to the effect that a body of French troops was surrounded by a large force of Arabs in South Algeria is contradicted.

DESCHENE, the man who was shot at the Quebec nomination, is fast sinking, and all hopes of his recovery are abandoned.

THE Modoc squabble seems to be at an end, Captain Jack having accepted the terms proposed by the United States Government.

THE Government of P. E. Island have dissolved the Legislature, and will appeal to the country on the question of Confederation.

TWENTY-TWO of the Spanish Provinces, it is said, have threatened to ignore the Madrid Government if the Assembly is not dissolved.

A PARTY of carbineers belonging to a prison guard in Andalusia attempted a demonstration in favor of Don Carlos, but the movement was suppressed.

FRANCE has guaranteed the balance of the war indemnity, amounting to a milliard of francs, and the German troops will be withdrawn at an early day.

THE Carlist force in Navarre does not number 8,000, and there is no truth in the report that the capital of that Province was in danger of falling into their hands.

THE excitement at Madrid is reported to be intense, crowds paraded the streets, troops were stationed at the public buildings and a conflict was momentarily expected.

THE representatives of St. Patrick Society in New York have decided that the procession of St. Patrick's Day will not adhere to the line of march indicated by the police.

AN armed mob at New Orleans attacked the Court house and a police station, but were resisted by the police and fired upon by the military, several being killed or wounded.

THE war between the rival Governments in Louisiana raged with intensity, the latest phase of the contest being an organized opposition to the collection of taxes throughout the State.

IN Madrid, the consideration of the bill for the dissolution of the Assembly threatened a ministerial crisis and the excitement continued. A mixed Directory, to assume the Government, was talked of.

MR. GLADSTONE is reported to have said at a public dinner that the Government would accept amendments to the Irish Educational bill, even such as would not better the bill, to avoid a worse measure.

IT is rumored that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise have separated, because of incompatibility of temper, and that the Princess is in a religious retreat near Windsor, and the Marquis has gone abroad. No authority is given for the report, and it remains to be confirmed.

FLORENCE CARR.

A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

CHAPTER III.—(continued.)

At once the truth rushed upon the young artist.

He had been ushered into the presence of the bereaved father.

In a few well-chosen words the young man expressed his sorrow at the sad cause which had occasioned his visit, then ventured to ask if it was his only child.

"My ownly one," repeated the agonised parent; "yes, he was my ownly boy. Sax gals have aw got and ownly one boy, and he war a boy — never war one like him; so strong for his age, so fearless, so bonny; and God must take him fra me, my bonny lad. He might ha' had all of the lasses, but he must tak' my boy, the boy as was to succeed me in the mill; the boy as was to bear my name and bring up childer to it, and mak' it greet in the town, and now he's gone, my bonny lad, and aw's nowt else left to live for."

At this point the father broke down into a passion of sobs; sobs which seemed wrung from the strong man in his agony.

What could the artist, a complete stranger, say to soothe this violent grief?

The case he felt was beyond him; he might have looked his sympathy, but words are harsh and cold and meaningless in such a case, sounding perhaps more to the utterer than the hearer of them, and Edwin Leinster felt that silence was the only course open to him.

Still, silence could not be maintained for any length of time, and when the man's sobs gradually ceased, the artist ventured to remind the sorrowing man of the object of his visit.

"An' yo' wull want to see him," asked the father, as though he grudged even a sight of his dead treasure.

"Yes, I cannot paint his portrait without doing so," was the natural reply.

The man rose to his feet, walked a few steps, and the ringing of a bell sounded through the house.

A girl obeyed the summons promptly.

Whether she was one of the despised six maidens of whom the man had spoken so slightly the artist could not tell, but he noticed, that despite her swollen eyes and face, occasioned by crying, she was, and must be when calm and in good health, remarkably pretty.

He had little time for these speculations, however, for the man said in harsh, imperative tone—

"Give me a light, and get thee gone."

Without a word of remonstrance or retort, the girl gave the candle she held in her hand to him, and disappeared.

"Come along, mon," said the man, with a groan, and he led the way up a flight of stairs, on to a landing, pausing before a door which was locked.

Taking a key from his pocket, he opened the door, beckoned the artist to enter, and having locked it again on the inside, stood looking towards the small bed on which lay what had been his greatest of earthly treasures, slipped from his grasp now, and leaving nought but its shell or casket behind.

The man's face was a study in its intense agony, and Leinster thought so as he watched and listened to him.

"Sax gals," muttered the poor half-crazed man; "sax gals and only one boy, and God must tak' him from me, tak' him to Hissen, as though there warn't plenty of bairns ready to be tooked w/out robbing me of my one boy, my bonny lad. Thar war never one like him, never will be again; here, tak' the candle, mon; I canna bear to look on him."

And he thrust the candle into the artist's hands, then retreated to a further corner of the room to indulge his grief, while the young man approached the bed.

He was indeed a beautiful boy that lay there—had been, I should more correctly say, for death, despite the opinion of Dr. Watts to the contrary, is never beautiful,

The light had gone from the eye, the color from lips and cheek, and that fixed, rigid expression, so unchildish, so grim and stern, had settled upon the fair, boyish face.

Over the cold white forehead, the fair hair clustered in ringed curls, and this was all that remained on that immovable countenance to remind one of its boyish grace and loveliness. The artist's eye took it all in.

Saw it at a glance, and with a pencil made a rough sketch of the face, as well as the one candle would allow.

Then, having come prepared for his work, he took the cast, the first of the kind, remember, he had ever taken, and anxious to get away from the scene of so much grief and trouble, declared his readiness to depart.

CHAPTER IV.

BEN.

Ben was a dog; perhaps you would scarcely have guessed it, merely from seeing or hearing

as a bribe, and sprang from his elevated seat, positively declining to repeat the performance, without an additional fee.

His other tricks were too numerous to record. At this point, indeed, his master, William Garston, the cotton spinner, declared that Ben had more sense than a Christian, that he could understand all he heard, and do every possible thing but speak.

Ben's personal appearance, as you may imagine, was not very startling.

Too large for a lady's lap-dog, he was small to take care of a house and walk about with the very consequential manner he assumed.

His coat was black and tan in color, the hair short and harsh, rather long ears, clumsy feet, a long tail, which he usually carried high in the air; dark affectionate brown eyes, sharp teeth, and a very black, cold nose—such was Ben at the time I introduce him to you.

But Ben owned a mind above the consideration of mere personal beauty, and a spirit which

the young ambitious artist means wealth, fame, and position.

In addition to this, Mary left home at this time to pay a visit to a relation who lived at some distance, and Edwin Leinster, finding the principal attraction to the house by the side of the mill gone, asked if Ben could not be sent to Manchester for a few days until his portrait could be finished.

"Eigh no, mon," replied Garston positively. "I wouldn't lose that dog for a hundred p'und. It were my boy's dog, and aw wouldn't lose he, no, not for a hundred p'und."

"But I would not lose it. I'd take the greatest possible care of the dog; what do you say, Ben, will you come?"

Ben wagged his tail, but his master still replied—

"I wouldn't lose the dog for a hundred p'und."

"But don't you see how much time I lose by coming so often?" urged the artist, "besides the inconvenience of bringing a large picture like this backwards and forwards. I really think you might trust Ben with me, Mr. Garston."

"Well, mon, there's reason in what yo'says, and I s'pose I mun let Ben go, but yo' mun tak' care on him, and remember I wouldn't lose him for a hundred p'und."

Thus it was settled that Ben was to visit Manchester.

The carrier was to take him to the artist on the following Tuesday, and to call for and bring him back on the Tuesday of the week after.

Tuesday came, and with it the carrier to the artist's studio, bringing Master Ben comfortably packed up in a hamper, and with him a repetition of the injunction to take care of him and remember his master would not lose him for a "hundred p'und."

The artist promised rashly, as men are apt to do, that Ben should have every care, and attention, and be ready to accompany the carrier back to Oldham on the following Tuesday.

Judging by his manner and general conduct, Ben, when released from the hamper, was by no means displeased by his change of quarters.

He frisked about the artist, recognising him as an old friend, and having made a minute survey of the room, by sniffing in every corner of it, and at everything it contained, comfortably settled himself upon the tiger's skin before the fire, and was soon apparently fast asleep.

Also Ben sat for his portrait in the most obedient and intelligent manner, and so careful was the artist of his charge, that he took the dog home with him to his lodgings every night.

Led him home, I should say, by a string, a performance which amused the street boys, and many of the people he met, and who had no hesitation in making audible jests at the expense of master and dog.

"Why don't yo' carry 'im?" asked a small urchin, as the two proceeded along.

"Can't the pup walk?" inquired a saucy mill lass. "What a pity thee mother's let both on these out alone."

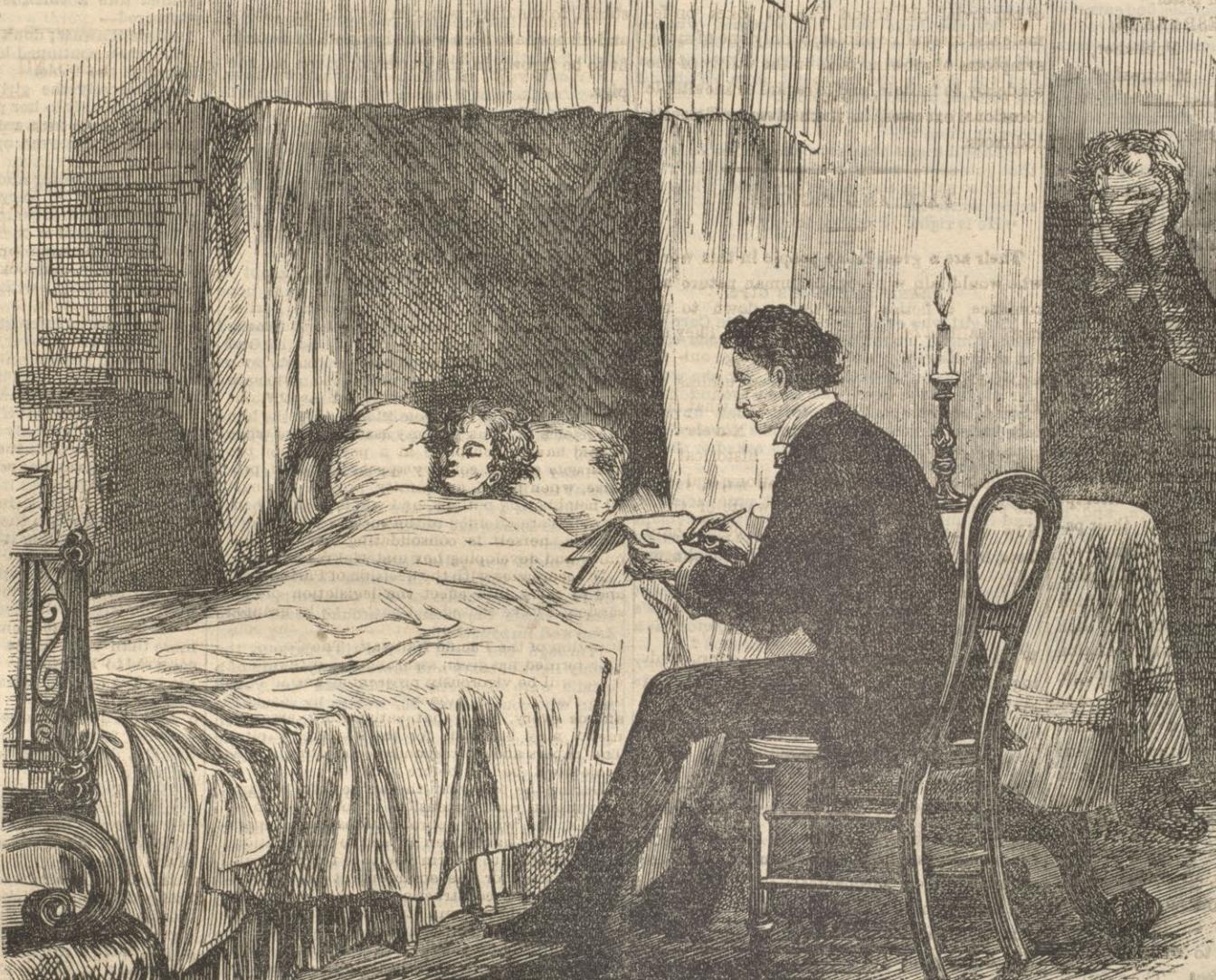
Such were the inquiries addressed to the young man, and as his home was just on the opposite side of the city from his studio, those morning and evening walks, in which he led Ben backwards and forwards, were not the pleasantest in his memory.

As for Ben himself, he seemed to have thoroughly attached himself to his temporary master, following him all over the house, and never fretting for the home that he had so recently been taken from.

Thus the days went on until Friday morning came, and then Edwin Leinster, feeling ashamed of leading the dog by the string, and feeling certain that it would follow or keep at his side without it, started to his studio without that usual precaution.

It seemed as though Ben appreciated the confidence reposed in him, for he ran and frolicked about, keeping close to his master until the studio was reached, then ran upstairs, panting for the door to be unlocked.

The key was produced, the door opened, and then the dog looked up to the face of the artist with its large brown eyes, wagged its tail as though saying "good bye," and turned and bolted,



"OVER THE COLD WHITE FOREHEAD, THE FAIR HAIR CLUSTERED IN RINGED CURLS."

his name, but he was a dog, and a considerable piece of a cur into the bargain.

Not the least pretension to being of a rare or perfect breed could Ben advance. Indeed, I am inclined to think he looked down upon thoroughbreds as conceited puppies, and prided himself in no slight degree upon his own intelligence and originality, as though a first-rate pedigree and genius or talent were incompatible.

In this I am afraid Ben was uncommonly like the men with whom he lived.

Good-hearted, purse-proud, slightly vulgar and given to boasting, priding themselves upon their wealth and position, chiefly from the fact that they owed it to themselves, and had acquired it by their own perseverance and industry.

If Ben could not boast either of great beauty or a long pedigree, he had certain accomplishments, that in the eyes of many persons more than compensated for them.

Like many men, Ben had certain pet aversions and certain pet weaknesses, one of the latter being a decided liking for sugar.

Show him a lump of sugar, and he would go through the whole of his tricks and performances to get it.

His pet aversion, next to beggars, was the harmonium, but his love of sugar made him overcome his dislike to the instrument; and thus bribed, he would mount on the high cane chair on which the performer was supposed to sit, beat as though horrified at the sound he produced, his paws on the keys, while the foot of one of his tormentors kept the bellows going; and then Ben, still playing, would throw back his head, emitting such a succession of howls that an observer could not fail to be irresistibly reminded of a screaming young lady vainly trying to charm her listeners.

No sooner, however, did is audience laugh and applaud Ben, than he immediately paused, gobbed up the piece of sugar laid before him

never allowed another cur to bark at him and go away, having the last growl.

Ben, like a true Lancashire dog, had notions of his own about getting on in the world, and finding he got more kicks and cuffs than food in the home of the working people who owned him, he one day made the acquaintance of little Willie Garston, and so won the heart of the cotton spinner's only boy, that the child begged for the dog and of course had it.

It was not all cupboard love, however, in Ben's case; he loved his young master, followed him everywhere, and mourned for him as sincerely as any dog possibly could do.

The portrait of the dead boy progressed favorably, and time, which heals every wound and deadens every pain, had calmed down, if it had not soothed the violent grief of the bereaved father.

A month had passed, November had set in, and the boy's likeness, as he had been in life, not in death, was nearly complete.

"Aye mon, it's good, very good; them's my boy's eyes, that's his face, even to the expression of it, but what's thee going to do with his hands, mon?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the reply. "I was thinking I would put that dog in the picture with the boy's hands resting upon and caressing it."

"Reet, mon: yo' couldna do better. Boy and dog war never apart; where the boy went the dog went, and where the dog went the boy went; they war awlus together. I'll gie yo' ten p'und more if thee puts the dog in the picture."

So it was agreed that Ben was to be added to the picture.

Twice the artist came over to take a sitting from Master Ben; perhaps also to watch the changes of light and shade on Mary Garston's pretty face, but all this took times, and time to

I am aware that "bolted" is not an elegant word, indeed, I very much doubt if you will find it in Johnson's or Webster's dictionaries, in the sense in which I have used it, but it is expressive, if not strictly correct, and it was correct in so far that Ben went off like a shot from a gun.

Not alone, however.

After him went the artist, crying "Ben, Ben!" and entreating a friend he met on the stairs to help him in the pursuit.

Down the street went Ben, the two gentlemen following in the pursuit.

More than once the dog paused until they almost got up to him, looked towards them, wagged its tail, seemed to dance and frolic about, and then was off again faster than ever.

"Five shillings for whoever stops him!" cried the artist, whose anxiety was momentarily increasing, and the pursuing party was swelled by this offer, from two to a dozen.

Still the dog kept on in advance of the crowd at its heels, and at last, finding the game of pausing and wagging his tail somewhat dangerous to his prolonged liberty, he gave it up, and finding the matter both serious and earnest, ran through courts, passages, and doubled round corners, until the very foremost of his pursuers completely lost sight of him.

"It's of no use," said Leinster, wearily, and conscious for the first time of the ridiculous figure he must cut. "I must offer a reward for the dog. No doubt before night he will be found and brought back again."

So without further delay, he went into a printer's, ordered some hundreds of handbills to be struck off, then distributed all over Manchester, describing the dog, offering a very handsome reward to any person that would restore it.

The day passed, however.

Ben was still absent, and the longer the artist thought of his loss, of the great store that was laid upon the dog, the more nervously anxious he became.

What would Garston the cotton-spinner say, when he heard that the dog he valued so highly was lost?

Would he not consider it wilful neglect, and be furious at it?

What would pretty Mary Garston say, when she heard that her dead brother's pet was lost through his apparent carelessness?

He could not tell, could not work, and he walked about his studio restlessly, listening to the sounds in the street, the footsteps on the stairs; but day closed, and he had to go back to his lodgings with Ben's whereabouts still a mystery.

Saturday came and went in the same way, Sunday passed over, Monday came, and still the dog was missing, and no amount of offered reward seemed able to bring it back again.

What should he do?

The next day the carrier would come to take it home again.

Once he thought of going to Oldham, proclaiming his loss, and asking its owner's advice as to what could be done.

But he shrank from this.

Something might turn up to render his confession unnecessary.

A full day of grace still remained.

He would trust to chance and fortune to help him out of the scrape into which he had fallen. Tuesday morning came, and his feelings were far from enviable.

Hark! there is a footprint on the stair, a heavy footprint.

It is too early for the carrier.

Yes, it comes higher and higher, and there is a whistle as though calling a dog.

Surely it must be Ben returned at last, and the artist springs to his feet, as though it were a child that was being restored to him.

But he remembers the reward. "A very handsome reward" the handbills had promised.

If he showed too much eagerness, the finder might expect too much.

He would not rush to the door as he had done several times before, only to be disappointed, and so thinking, he sat down to his work again.

The heavy tread came to the door, paused, and knocked.

"Come in!" said the artist, affecting to be busily occupied.

"Want any chips?" asked a rough voice, and Leinster could scarcely forbear from throwing a cast, or the first thing his hand could rest upon, at him, so infuriated did he feel.

At length the dreaded carrier arrived.

Slowly he tolled up the stairs, knocked at the door, and walked in.

"Eigh, maister, thee's making that pictur' bonny; the dog's fine. Hast done with it?"

The thought entered the artist's head to say he must keep it a few days longer, but this was useless, and he replied very reluctantly—

"Well, no, I haven't quite done with it."

"Oh, the maister thawt thee had done with it, as thee sent it whoam on Saturday."

"Sent it home!" exclaimed Leinster, with a gasp of relief. "Then it is at home? Oh, I am so thankful. How did it get there?"

"Guess it walked," replied the man. "Anyhow, it come scratching at the door on Saturday morning, 'fore they was up, and made the spinner get up and come out with it; and dog's found summat, as Maister Garston says be thanks the for, but you's to go to Oldham yo'ren, and then thee'll knaw what 'is."

"Found something! what could the dog find?" asked the artist, curiously.

"That's just what thee's got to find out when thee gets thar," was the sturdy rejoinder. "But

since yo's not done with the dog, mayhap you'll like it back again?"

"No, thank you; I have had quite enough of Master Ben and his sagacity. If I am obliged to have another sitting, I will come to Oldham for it."

"Aye, yo'd better. Maister Garston told me to ask you to come on to-day, and see what Ben found."

"I suppose it was nothing of mine that the dog found, was it?"

"Thee knows best about that theesen, mon," was the half-grinning reply. "It's alive, leastways, it war when I come from Oldham this morning."

"Alive!" repeated the wondering artist. "What can it be? Come, man, you may as well tell me at once."

"Na," was the grinning reply; "thee lost the dog, and though its maister be glad o' what's found, yo's to come and see't for theesen."

"Well, if you won't tell me, I suppose I must restrain my curiosity, but I cannot go to Oldham to-day. I will do so to-morrow; tell Mr. Garston so. I suppose Miss Mary has not returned?"

"But she have then. She comed whoam yesterday, and a fine tak' on she be in; so be all Garston's gals. I think they'd ha' put you and the dog in the mill pond, afore yo' should ha' lost un, to find what he did."

"But what could the dog's discovery have to do with them?"

"Thee'll knaw that soon enough, mon, when thee gets there, and theedst best go to-day."

And so saying the carrier departed, while the artist muttered—

"He is right. I will go to-day."

CHAPTER V.

FRANK GRESHAM'S GIFT.

The girl who called herself Florence Carr was something of an enigma to everyone she came in contact with.

Not wilfully or intentionally, for she would far rather have been like those around her—rough, ignorant, and uncouth—than have to encounter the curious suspicious glances, and questions that were continually asked or directed towards her.

Her soft, delicate hands, her quiet, refined ladylike ways, her speech and pronunciation, and the superior education which it was evident she had received, all tended to give significance to the question which in various forms was often asked—How was it that with these advantages she had sunk so low as to be almost destitute, glad of the shelter of Moll Arkshaw's home, and willing also to work in a factory as a common mill hand to gain a livelihood?

The charity of the world is such, that any degree of mystery concerning a person is always taken as a certain evidence of sin or disgrace.

On this point, however, opinions regarding Florence Carr were divided, the men declaring that no really bad woman with such a face as hers would work and lead the life of poverty and hardship she did, the women being equally positive that only a bad woman could have sunk so low as to be obliged to do it.

Meanwhile, the subject of this gossip had a very simple and apparently straightforward account to give of herself.

Her father, she said, had been the captain of a ship in the merchant service, but had died little more than a year before.

From that time her mother and herself had tried to make a living by keeping a school, but this had failed; her mother had sickened and died.

Being now alone in the world, she had sold everything left and started for Manchester, hoping to get some work she could do, and by which she could earn a living there, and failing that, intending to go on to Liverpool and emigrate to America, where some of her mother's relatives resided.

Misfortune, however, pursued her.

On the very day of her arrival in Manchester, her pocket was picked, her purse lost or stolen, and only a few shillings, fortunately in another pocket, remained of her store. In this extremity she knew not what to do; the great town stunned, frightened, and bewildered her, and not knowing, scarcely caring, what way or where she went—or, indeed, what became of her—she walked on in the direction of Oldham, wandering out of the way a great deal, and reaching it scarcely a quarter of an hour before she met Moll, with the other mill hands, coming from their work.

Such was her story.

Some of it no doubt was true, but whether it was all the truth remained still open to question; it was plausible and possible, it explained her superior education and present poverty and destitution, and though some envious persons declared it too well told to be true, there were others who accepted it without a doubt, and of these Moll Arkshaw was the foremost.

A week passed from that night when young Gresham met and tried to walk home with her, and though they had met several times, the girl's eyes always drooped when he came near, as though she would not look at him, and she seemed to cling, almost as though for protection, to the side of Moll.

It was very annoying for the young man, at least, he thought so, still more so because his love affairs had never troubled him at the commencement; it was the closing, not the opening, of an account on Cupid's bank that had usually bothered him most.

Opposition, however, only increased his determination to succeed.

Plucking fruit that grew common on every hedgerow was no sport at all in comparison with the wonderful peach that hung so high on the wall, that it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to climb up and possess himself of it.

But any thing worth having is worth climbing for; the prize we have to strain every muscle to possess is always most eagerly sought after, and Frank Gresham, finding the fruit did not fall at his bidding, determined, at any risk or consequence, to scramble up and possess it.

For several days he had tried to meet the girls when work was over, and once he had succeeded.

Noticing his approach, however, Florence had begged Moll to keep with her, and the young man, despite his ready assurance, found his wit and impudence scarcely equal to the fire of words which came upon him from the two pretty girls whom he so persistently followed.

"Do you always go out together?" he asked, a little impatiently, after two or three vain attempts to talk to Florence alone.

"Awlus when we beant apart," replied Moll, saucily.

"I should have thought two such pretty girls would have had a sweetheart each to separate them," continued the cotton-spinner.

"Would yo'?" said Moll. "Mayhap we have, but yo're skeering them awa; moy Willie will be reet mad when he sees me."

"And what will your sweetheart say to you, Miss Flo?" inquired Gresham, evidently indifferent to Willie's anger, and bending down to try to catch a glimpse of the velvety, grey lingering eyes.

"I don't know," was the low reply.

"Then you have a sweetheart?" said the young man, in a tone of vexation.

The girl addressed made no reply, except to droop her head a little lower, in the vain hope of hiding her blushes.

"Sweetheart; to be sure she has," laughed Moll, coming to the rescue; "the men of Oldham beant blind nor fules, but it doan't do us no good to be seen wi' yo', maister, and here we are to our own door, so good night to yo'."

And so saying, she took Florence by the hand and led her in, nodding good-night to the young man.

"May I not come in?" he asked, still standing at the garden gate.

"No, not yo'," was the reply, as the house door was somewhat unceremoniously closed in his face.

The night was quite dark, for December had set in, and the lane in which stood Grettys Cottages, could boast of but one lamp, which simply made the darkness around seem more deep and impenetrable.

Through the blind in the tiny parlour, the ruddy light of a fire and more steady flame of a candle were distinctly visible, and the young man who could count his wealth by thousands stood in the dark muddy lane, with the keen wind of December blowing upon him, watching for every shadow which fell on the blind of that small window.

There was the girl who had made such an impression on his fickle heart.

He could not see the colour of her hair, but he knew it well by memory, every glinting dusky shade of it; and each curl and wave as it was reflected on the white calico which revealed and yet hid her from him, showed how perfect in line and feature was her face and figure.

Moll passed between the light and the window several times, so did a short crooked figure which Gresham fancied he had seen before, yet could not tell where.

"I must get hold of that young person," he thought, as he saw Jem's face, exaggerated by light and shadow upon the curtain; "she will take letters from me. Not a bad idea; I will go home and write one at once."

He was about to turn away, when a sound fell upon his ear, which for the moment chained him to the spot.

It was a piano, played with no mean skill, and by no ordinary player.

Moll Arkshaw's fingers could never have wrung out such wonderful pathos and feeling from that old half worn out instrument, and the visitor asked himself with something like an oath, who that strange beautiful girl could be, for that she was the musician he was fully convinced.

Presently, the performer began to sing a simple English ballad, which one would almost think she selected in very mockery at her own desolation.

The song was "Home, Sweet Home," and the pure soprano voice faltered, and seemed as though it would break down as it went through that heart-stirring melody.

But it did not yield—it went through it all, as though forcing itself to do penance for some imaginary fault, and it was not until the voice ceased and the last note died away, that the young man roused himself from the spell that had fallen over him, and turned to depart.

As he did so, the cottage door opened and Jem, who had been sent on some trifling errand, came out into the lane.

"Hist!" said the young man, noticing from whence she came.

The girl started and paused.

"Hist!" he continued. "Wouldst like to earn a crown?"

"Ees, if thee'll tell me how," was the reply.

"That is easy enough. You must give a letter which I will write, to the young woman called Florence Carr. Will you do it?"

"Aye, mon, an' thee'll give me the brass."

"I'll do that; but you musn't let Moll Arkshaw know of it."

"Eigh, noa, I beant such a fula."

"Very well. Meet me here to-morrow at ten in the morning, and you shall have the money and the letter; I'll pay you well if you help me. I suppose you know me."

"Eigh, aye, mon; yo's Frank of Mearys, I knows thee, so do all the folks in Oldham."

"Not much use my trying to disguise myself, it seems," muttered the young man with a laugh. "Never mind, meet me here to-morrow, and there's a shilling to buy a new ribbon with."

"Thankee," said the girl as she took the coin; then she muttered under her breath, as the cotton spinner walked off with rapid strides, "Granny war reet, she'll go to the bad w'l out any charm or spell to tak' her than."

A conclusion that seemed to afford her great satisfaction.

The next day when she and Moll returned home to dinner, Florence was surprised at Jem's behaviour, for no sooner had Moll left the room for a moment, than the cripple, with a mysterious face, pushed a small white packet that seemed like a thick letter into her hand, and whispered—

"Hide it awaw; don't let Moll see it."

She then continued her work of putting the dinner on the table.

Instinctively the girl obeyed, thrusting the curious parcel into her pocket, and managing to slip away alone for a minute or two before the dinner hour was over, opened and examined its contents.

There was a letter and a pair of earrings in the packet, the latter very pretty in design, and worth two or three pounds.

The girl looked at them for a moment, smiled bitterly, even contemptuously. They had no charm for her, and she put them back in their case indifferently, without a lingering thought or care.

She was most interested in the letter.

Twice she read it over, carefully and critically; it expressed great admiration and love for her fair self, and entreated her acceptance of the enclosed trifle as an earnest of his sincerity, ending in a postscript, that if she wished for or desired anything, she had only to express it, and to the extent of his fortune it should be hers.

As I have said, she read the letter over twice, as though to impress it upon her memory, then deliberately tore it into shreds, stuffed the pieces of paper into the jeweller's

DEATH INSURANCE.

A FABLE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A mountebank whose life displayed Uncommon genius in the trade Of getting much while giving naught, (Except a deal of knavish thought,) Gave out through all the country round That he magic art had found Of teaching Eloquence to all Who chose to pay, (the fee was small!) Indeed, the rogue declared, his plan Would educate the dullest man, Nay, even a horse, or ox, or ass, Till he in speaking would surpass Immortal Tully!—and would show All modern arts that lawyers know, Besides, to grace a brilliant speech! "All this I undertake to teach The merest dunce—or else," he said, "The forfeit shall be my head!" Of course so marvellous a thing Soon, through the courtiers, reached the king; Who, having called the charlatan Into his presence, thus began: "Well, Sir Professor, I have heard Your boasts—and take you at your word. Between us it is now agreed That to my stable you proceed, At once, and thence a donkey take, Of whom—"tis bargained—you shall make An orator of fluent speech; Or, failing thus the brute to teach, You shall be hanged till you are dead!" "A bargain, Sire!" the fellow said; "And ten years' time shall be allowed; It is but fair." The monarch bowed. "And now my fee be pleased to pay!" Then takes the gold and goes away. A courtier whom he chanced to meet, A fortnight later, in the street, Began the fellow to deride About his bargain—"Faith!" he cried, "A fine agreement you have made! I mean to see the forfeit paid; The art of rhetoric to teach,— Of course you'll make a gallows-speech!" "Laugh as you may, my merry man!" Replied the cunning charlatan; "Although my wisdom you may flout, I know, quite well, what I'm about. If in the years allotted I, The king, or ass, should chance to die, Pray, don't you see, my giddy friend, The bargain finds a speedy end? My fee was but a premium paid To one in the insurance trade; Of one or other of the three Ten years are pretty sure to see The epitaph—as chances fall I take the hazard—that is all!"

For the Favorite.

THE MASKED BRIDAL.

BY ANTOINETTE,
OF HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER III.

THE GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

"Again the country was enclosed, a wide And sandy road had banks on either side; Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd, And there a gipsy tribe their tents had rear'd."

Helsbourne Hall, the country seat of the Riverdales, was situated in the beautiful county of Surrey. About five miles distant from it, at the edge of the forest, a tribe of gypsies had established their picturesque home. Full fifty years ago a band of these wanderers had here pitched their tents, and here they still remained, as firmly settled as the Riverdales themselves. The thick forest behind sheltered their horses, and the farmers near were rich and prosperous; the gypsies found the barn-yards and hay-ricks of their well-to-do neighbors convenient and easy of access, and the farmers tolerated the marauders, for they regarded them with a sort of superstitious reverence.

In a tent somewhat larger than the others, and at a little distance from them, three men sat, smoking and talking, on the night of Stanley Riverdale's coming of age. Let us draw near and listen to their conversation. The oldest man of the party is the first speaker. He is evidently a full-blooded gipsy, tall and powerfully built, dark-complexioned and sunburnt, with heavy black eyebrows, hooked nose, and a shock of dusky hair hanging over his eyes, and adding to his already sinister expression a ferocious look.

"Rafty, what is the time?" inquired he, removing a short black pipe from his mouth to ask the question.

The person addressed as "Rafty" was a youthful gipsy, apparently about nineteen years of age. His swarthy countenance was rather more prepossessing than that of his questioner, who was still far from being an agreeable or trustworthy one.

Rafty stretched his legs, and yawned before replying:

"Twelve, I believe."

"They should be here. What time did the chief name?"

"Twelve," again replied Rafty, in a listless tone.

The third man, who had not yet spoken, now rose from his seat, and lifting the hanging piece of canvas which formed the tent-door, passed out. As he did so, the gypsies exchanged glances, and Rafty sat up, all his listlessness gone in a moment.

"I say," he said, in the gipsy tongue; "I say, Lightning Dick wants to back out, give us the slip. He must be looked after, eh?"

The other nodded, and Rafty went on:

"He's turned chicken at the last, d——n him, but I'll see to him; he won't dodge me."

The other rose and came close to Rafty, glancing at the door apprehensively as he did so.

"Rafty, you must keep quiet. Wait till we see what the chief means to do with Ned. We may want Lightning Dick if Ned goes out of the way."

"Out of the way? Why, he will stick by us to the last on account of Myra. No fear of him."

"He'll stick by us, but maybe we won't stick by him. Roger's jealous of him. His wife is handy to Ned, too handy by far."

"Fa, much Ned cares for her. Why, man alive, he would not give Myra up for all the Lady Pagets in the world."

"I know that, I know Ned's taste; but Lady Paget lives at Helsbourne, and there is talk of the cousins marrying, and Roger is jealous, so there's no knowing what will happen, and we may want Dick."

Rafty sprang from his seat, and drew a short knife from his belt.

"If I thought he would ever desert Myra, I'd cut his throat," he cried with flashing eyes.

"Hush! hush! Are you mad?" said the other angrily.

Rafty replaced the knife, and sank back into his lounging attitude, for at this moment the sound of horses' feet announced the approach of the expected guests.

"Here they come," said the watcher outside, putting his head in at the tent door.

"All right."

In a moment they came up, sprang from their horses, and entered the tent, two tall stalwart forms, in long red cloaks, and wearing crimson velvet half-masks. Had Father Frank been present, though their faces were covered, he could scarce fail to recognize his midnight visitors. On entering the tent, both men removed their masks, and the taller called out in a gruff tone of authority:

"Bring out the brandy—quick."

Rafty rose, and throwing back the cover of a large wooden box, produced a black bottle and some glasses.

The "chief" filled his glass, and emptied it in a twinkling, and then looked around on the assembled party impatiently.

"Are you all here?"

"Yes," said Rafty, "all here and all ready but Dick. He does not want to go."

The chief turned on the delinquent, and inquired in voice of thunder:

"Do you not wish to go?"

Dick stood before him, a tall, slight youth, with fair hair and a smooth boyish face. His dress was disordered and mud-stained, but he had an air of refinement and the unmistakable look of a gentleman, which was strangely out of place in the place and company he was now in. He stood before the rough, villainous party, and his very appearance seemed a silent reproach. His face was slightly flushed, and he played nervously with the tassels of his sword; yet there was a firm set to his lips, and his soft blue eyes wore an expression of unwonted determination.

"No, I am not going."

This was calmly said, but it evidently cost a great effort.

Silence fell on the group. All of the party felt that Lightning Dick was no longer one of them; he had rebelled, and what would be his fate remained to be seen.

"You are not going. Perhaps you are going to peach? You know all our plans. You know you could string us all up."

Roving Roger laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and let him feel its weight. Dick started, and his large blue eyes flashed indignantly.

"Peach! as if I could ever be guilty of such a dishonorable action. No, Roger, you know me too well to believe that for one moment. You will never be harmed by word of mine, and I shall always be glad to be your friend if you need one."

As he finished, Dick raised his hand to that of Roger and clasped it kindly, but the friendly touch was not returned. Roger looked black as midnight, and his frown struck terror into the hearts of his followers. Dick was in his power now, but should Dick leave that tent, Roger was in his power. At this moment, when the fate of Dick was still undecided, the oldest gipsy stepped up to the angry chief, and looking him straight in the face, spoke a few words in the gipsy tongue. Short as his remark was, its effect on Roving Roger was remarkable. He withdrew his hand from the young man's shoulder, and his savage glare was now directed at the impassive face of the gipsy.

"How dare you, Truncheon? how dare you? For less than this many men have laid dead at my feet."

"Yes, but I will not lie dead at your feet," returned the other calmly, and again he made a brief observation in his native tongue.

For a moment Roger stood staring fiercely at Truncheon, but the gipsy was evidently in no way abashed, and at length Roger turned to

Dick, saying, in a much milder tone than he had used before:

"Go your way. You have been with us and of us. As you say, I will trust to your honor, and surely you will not betray that trust. Good-bye, Dick. I am sorry to lose you. You are a bold spirit, but, as Truncheon says, forced men are useless; so good-bye. We part friends. Let us drink to each other before we go. Rafty, fill the glasses and we will drink good luck to our pal, who has tired of us before we have tired of him."

This was said in apparently the best of good faith, but Dick did not seem eager for the toast. All the others loudly applauded, and crowded round the table, calling out:

"Drink to the pal who is tired of us."

Roving Roger stood back, his powerful arms folded across his brawny chest, and his dark face, with its forbidding expression in the shadow, for the tent was lighted by only one candle, and the bulky form of Truncheon was between the chief and the table. Rafty filled the glasses, and then raised his hand to command silence. He then handed each man his glass. Dick was the last, and he took the glass from Rafty's hand with evident reluctance. It was half full of brandy.

Rafty looked at Roger, and signed to him to call out the toast.

"Here's to you; long life, good swag, and may you never feel the hemp necklace."

The toast was drunk, each man repeating the chief's words as he raised his glass to his lips.

Dick's was still untasted, and Truncheon saw this in a moment.

"Why, man, you have not drunk your grog."

"No, people don't drink their own healths."

"Drink mine, then."

He hesitated a moment, but no excuse could be offered, so, after bowing, Dick said coolly:

"Here's to you, my old pal; good luck, good swag, and may you never feel the hempen necklace."

As he said this he emptied his glass. As he did so, a scarcely perceptible glance of triumph passed from Roger to Truncheon, but Dick did not notice it.

"Now then, to horse, my merry men," sang Roger, and his followers replaced their masks, preparatory to leaving the tent on their marauding expedition, for such was the object that brought them together.

"Ned's birthday ball is a lucky event," laughed Roger, "otherwise we would have no work in hand to-night. I hope the coach we rob will have lots of ladies, dressed in their best to win the heart of the heir."

"If it's old Seymour's, you may be sure of that," returned Stanley, with a light laugh.

They left the tent, all but Dick. He threw himself down on a rug, and sank into a deep sleep.

"Safe for the night," said Roger significantly to Truncheon.

"Ah, safe enough. He will stay there till we come back, I'll warrant, and wake up to-morrow without knowing much about it all."

They extinguished the light, and, mounting their horses, were soon far away from the gipsy camp, and Lightning Dick slumbered on, sleeping a heavy drugged sleep, for some powerful narcotic had been administered in the brandy.

CHAPTER IV.

"The gloomy glade, where lurks the midnight thief."

"Halloo! halloo there!"

This exclamation was uttered by the stentorian voice of old Lord Charles Seymour, when his coach, with its four horses ridden by postboys in the Seymour livery, came to a sudden stop in the middle of the road.

"Halloo! Taggets, what are you about?" he cried indignantly to the coachman.

Taggets did not reply, and no wonder; he was off his box, lying prone upon the ground, his powdered head in the mud, and a powerful hand holding his collar far too tightly for the apoplectic Jehu's comfort.

"Highwaymen, sir!" cried a post-boy, who was also half strangled. He would fain have said more but his voice was suddenly stopped.

"Highwaymen, God bless me! Do they know who they are stopping? I'd like to know?" and the plucky old gentleman drew a pistol from the coach pocket and let fly its contents in the midst of the darkness, for it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes.

"Aha, I hit somebody!" he cried triumphantly, as a deep groan followed the report, "I hit somebody, and now I'll give 'em another dose. I'll teach them to stop me on the road, the impudent rascals. I'll —."

What the worthy gentleman intended to remain a mystery, for at this moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice that, even in this excitement, sounded calm, and had a strange familiar ring in it, said quietly:

"Lord Charles do not fire again; as it is you have only wounded one of your own servants. We do not intend to harm you unless you resist, but we do want your watch, money, and all valuables you or any of your party have about them. Stand and deliver!" that is our motto. You have doubtless heard of Roving Roger, and now he stands before you."

"And so you're Roving Roger, are you? and a precious scoundrel you are, no doubt, but you can't frighten old Charles Seymour into giving up his watch. No, sir, you can't." So saying the irate Lord Charles leant forward to draw the other pistol out, but the highwayman caught his arm.

"Lord Charles I admire your courage, but you

had better not provoke me, for my temper is none of the longest. Just hand me your watch; and those ladies, will they take off their necklaces or shall I help them?"

All this time two ladies sat like frightened doves, trembling in the coach, unable to say a word; but now one of them cried out in terrified accents:

"Oh, pa, do give him your watch, and money, and everything. Do, pa, for pity sake. He will kill us if you don't."

"Be quiet, Eva."

"No, pa, I can't be quiet, I am so frightened."

"Hush, Eva," said the other lady. "Hush, dear, you only make matters worse." She spoke calmly though her voice trembled.

"They can't be worse," sobbed the youngest sister. "They can't be worse, and I do wish pa would give everything up, and then we could go."

"A sensible woman!" cried Roving Roger. "Pon my word, miss, if I wasn't a married man I would give you a kiss; I would really. No flattery."

"Ugh! you horrid brute," the lady found courage to say.

Roger laughed loudly.

"No, miss, I ain't ugly; I am rather good-looking; but here, you set them all an example that they may be proud to follow. Just hand me all the pretty things you put on to captivate Stanley Riverdale. I don't mind telling you, in the strictest confidence, that you won't see him to-night, so it won't matter." This was uttered in ironical tones, but the words betrayed the fact that Roving Roger was not an ignorant or vulgar man. Indeed, the voice and manner were those of a gentleman.

"Who are you? and where have I seen you?"

This question, which was addressed to him by Lord Charles, made the bold highwayman start.

"You have never seen me," he rejoined.

"Yes, I have seen you somewhere, and heard you speak. Your voice is perfectly familiar to me."

"Is it, indeed? While we stand here talking, however, you forget business. Let me have the things I asked for; I must be going, my horse is restive, and I don't often waste time in useless conversation."

"Are you a gentleman reduced by poverty to earn your bread in this dishonorable and disgraceful way? If so, tell me candidly and I may assist you back to your proper position and friends. Pause now; you may never have another chance. I will help you if I can. From the familiar sound of your voice I think I must have met you."

"Never, Lord Charles, thank you for your noble offer; but it comes too late. I might once have embraced it, and believe me I am grateful. I may one day prove this; and now I will bid your farewell. You and yours are safe from this day, from any danger on this road. I will set your coach-man back on his box; but I fear the chance shot intended for me has reached him; he made a great outcry, but perchance he is not much hurt. I will see, good night."

Without another word the highwayman turned away, leaving the baronet lost in amazement, and puzzling his brains to remember why this man's voice recalled his young days.

Taggets was raised from the ground, and found that his injuries were wholly imaginary. He was put back on his box, and ordered to drive on, as much to his astonishment as to that of Roving Roger's party, who did not know what to make of this new freak of their leader.

Never before had the noted robber been known to forego an opportunity for plunder like the present; they had come here sure of rich booty, and eager for the meeting; and behold! after a few words of conversation with an old defenceless man, the rapacious highwayman calls off his men, and allows the coach to pass on, unmolested. What could it mean? It was a conduct quite unparalleled in the history of Roving Roger, and fair would they have questioned him, but dared not, for the bold buccaneer kept them in wholesome terror of his anger.

Stanley Riverdale was not only astonished, he was also very seriously annoyed; he had been rather alarmed by Roger's appearance, an unbidden guest, at the ball, and felt relieved when he found that it was only to join marauding expedition he was required; and now, after riding hard for miles, and waiting patiently on the road so long, for the leader of the band to quietly throw up the game, and ride silently home, without deigning to give one word of explanation to his followers, it was too provoking, and Stanley was determined that he, for one, would not bear it; he would demand to know Roger's meaning, and see if he would render a satisfactory reason for his unaccountable conduct.

With this view Riverdale, or as he was called on occasions like the present, "Moonlight Ned," rode forward to Roger's side, and at once addressed to him the question, "Why have you thrown up the sponge in this way? Surely you were not afraid of old Seymour?"

to enquire why he did not come on to the camp as usual.

"Myra will be waiting for you," said the young gipsy.

"Tell her not to wait. I am not coming to-night," said Riverdale shortly.

As he rode off, pushing his horse into a gallop, the gipsy cursed him below his breath. Truncheon heard the low-toned, but bitter anathema, and said loud enough for Roger to hear: "Oh! don't expect Ned to go with us to-night, he must hurry back to dance with the beautiful cousin, they are shortly to be married, don't you know?"

Truncheon said this in an indifferent tone, but eagerly watched the silent Roger, to mark the effect of his speech, and a smile of triumph played over his repulsive face when he saw the involuntary start, and muttered oath, which the highwayman could not repress, though he took no further notice. In a few minutes, however, Roger turned to the gipsies, saying:

"I will not go to the camp to-night, I am tired. Truncheon take care of Dick, I will be with you to-morrow. Good night."

With these words Roger turned up a pathway in the woods, and was soon out of hearing.

"What do you think of to-night's work, Rafty?" inquired Truncheon.

"By all that's holy, I don't know what to make of it; but if Riverdale throws Myra over now, I'll have his life."

Rafty finished his remark with a fearful oath, which showed that he was fully in earnest, the only good point in the young gipsy's character was the passionate love he bore his sister, and too well he knew how little Stanley Riverdale would think of deserting the gipsy maid, should he tire of her untutored love for him, and how feeble was the tie that bound him, being only a gipsy marriage.

CHAPTER V.

MYRA.

A young mother sat nursing her infant in a tent; a gipsy mother, but search the country round, and you will not find a more beautiful picture than Myra and her babe; the girl is very young, scarce eighteen years have passed over her head, yet she is a mother, and in the eyes of the gipsies, a wife.

Myra is the beauty of the camp, and, two years ago, Stanley met her in the wood, while he was out shooting, and the girl searching for berries; struck by the extreme beauty of the "nut brown maid," the heir of all the Riverdales entered into conversation with her, and though Myra was shy and modest, was charmed by the naivete of her remarks, and the sweet modest grace of her manner. Myra knew not who the handsome youth in the green velvet shooting dress was, but too well did she notice the large black eyes, and the beautiful face of the stranger; they talked long, and when the sitting sun warned Myra that it was time for her to return to her home, Stanley insisted on accompanying her; he had inquired her name, and knew by her dress that she was a gipsy; he had never visited the camp before, but was received kindly, by Truncheon, Myra's uncle, and Rafty her brother. Rafty and Myra were orphans, the boy at that time was too young to think of any harm coming from Riverdale's visits, and Truncheon was too unscrupulous to forbid them, so he came almost daily.

Here he met Roving Roger, and joined his band. He married Myra after the gipsy fashion, and Rafty for a time was perfectly satisfied that all was right; but as he grew older the boy knew more of the world's ways, and began to think that Stanley Riverdale would regard his gipsy-marriage but little, should it stand in the way of any thing else that his selfish heart wished for.

Never had Rafty experienced this feeling so strongly as to-night, and he could scarcely bring himself to face his innocent sister and her infant. Myra, of course, was perfectly unconscious of any change in her husband as she fondly imagined Stanley to be, and Rafty loved her too well to wound her feelings by alluding to such a thing.

Myra was playing with her beautiful babe, as Rafty entered the camp; she looked up, with a glad smile of welcome, but a slight shade of surprise and disappointment crossed her face, when she saw that it was only her brother who came forward.

"Where is Stanley, Rafty?" she asked, dancing the babe up to her brother, for him to kiss its little rosy face, which he did kindly, but with a constrained look on his brown face, and a half savage expression in his black eyes.

"Gone home; it is his birthday, you know."

Love for Myra prompted the latter portion of Rafty's answer, and it cost an effort; for in his heart the gipsy was too angry with Riverdale to frame excuses for his conduct.

"Yes, I know. I have been busy all day getting a nice supper ready, and now Stanley won't be here to eat it; but never mind, we must drink his health, and hope he will enjoy the ball. Here, Rafty, take care of little Stanley, while I set the table."

Myra had given up many of her gipsy ways to please her husband, and she now set out a supper that even Stanley's fastidious taste could have found no fault with. The table cloth was dazzling in its snowy purity, and massive silver glistened, crystal shone, and rare old china graced the board, the baby crowed and laughed, stretching out his tiny hands towards the bright display.

They sat down to their supper, and ere the meal was over, Truncheon entered, and took a

seat without a word. The gipsy's countenance, always sinister and repulsive; had its ugliness enhanced on the present occasion by a frown of intense malignity, and he bolted his food without addressing a remark to either of his companions, though he occasionally muttered an oath below his breath. Myra glanced at him apprehensively, but did not venture to make any remark, or inquire the reason of his ill-temper. She busied herself with her babe, hushing it to sleep, and whispering soft nonsense in its tiny ears, after the manner of mothers.

Supper over and cleared away, Truncheon lit his pipe and turning to Rafty, said:

"Come, I suppose we must go out: for the smell of the pipe might not agree with the precious kid. Eh, Myra?"

"No, you must go if you want to smoke; good night, Rafty; good night, uncle."

Myra felt relieved when they were gone, her uncle was evidently in the worst of tempers, and even Rafty seemed absent and strange; besides, as Stanley would not be with her to-night the best thing to do was to go to sleep at once, for then to-morrow would come quickly, and she would see him, and hear his dear voice, and feel his warm kiss on her cheek. So the young mother lay down, with her little one clasped closely to her loving hopeful heart, with no thought of the coming evil to disturb her happy peaceful slumbers.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY EVA SEYMOUR.

When Stanley Riverdale turned away, and left the companions with whom he had consorted for the past two years, it was with a feeling of relief; for the first time he was disgusted with himself and them. Why had he ever spent one hour in their low, reckless company? Why had he ever loved Myra, or visited the gipsy camp? and above all, why had he gone with them, in their midnight rides, and daring raids on peaceful and well-disposed citizens?

Such were the questions Stanley bitterly asked himself as he rode homeward, and as is usually the case when men realize their own folly, looked about for some one on whom to cast the blame, and soon found out who was in fault.

"If my father was not such an old fogey, and the place was not so curiously slow, I would never have been hauled in by Ruthven, or Myra, or any of the d—d low gang of them. Now I am in for it; too bad by half to have one's neck in the power of such brutes, by God, though I'll cut the whole thing; yes, I am quite determined I shall. Now that I am of age, I will drop them. If I can't do it at once, and I will try to, I'll do it by degrees, and easy stages. I am decided. I think I will go away to Italy, or somewhere. I'll marry too, and then they will see that it is no use trying to get me back, Bah! The very thought of it turns me sick. I wonder Alice did not speak to me, and warn me;—just like her meanness. I suppose she thought she would have me under her thumb; but I will let her see the difference."

Thus soliloquized Stanley, as he rode on, and as he drew nearer the home of his father's, and saw the lights of Helsbourne glancing through the trees, his mind became more and more firmly made up,—he would cut all his low associates, in whom he had formerly taken such delight; not one pang touched his heart at the thought, not even when he thought of Myra, and his child. Young as he was, he had already learnt to think only of himself, he could use his friends, and coolly turn his back on them when he was done with them, and indeed feel rather angry, and hurt, if they did not at once realize that they were no longer necessary to him.

Of Roving Roger, he stood in terror. Would that bold spirit be easily daunted? He feared not. In only one way could he hope to work Roger; the highwayman loved Alice, and Alice would do anything for her cousin; so he comforted himself by this thought, for the gipsies he cared not, let them do their worst, he would set them at defiance.

When Stanley drew near the Hall, he dismounted, and leading his horse into the thick forest tied him to a tree, and whistled twice;—at first the signal was not returned; but on his repeating it, it was answered by another whistle far down the glen. Without waiting any longer Riverdale walked away; dark as the night was, he found not the slightest difficulty in following a narrow pathway, among the trees; and soon reached the postern gate, which was a very small one, in the high brick wall that surrounded the flower garden; a slight push sufficed to open it, for the bar had been taken down from the inside, and now he stood within the walls, all danger was over for the present. He walked rapidly to the back of the old Hall, and skirting its mossy stone walls, reached a window, near the ground and heavily barred with iron. Stanley knelt on the damp earth, and taking hold of the top bar, removed it with one shake, for the mortise had been loosened at both ends, the next was removed in the same way, and the next; throwing the bars in the window Stanley then crept through and dropped a distance of about five feet, his fall made no noise for the floor was an earthen one. He groped about for a few minutes in the darkness, as if in search of something, and at length put his hand on a dark lantern.

He moved the slide a little, showing barely enough light for him to stand up on an oak bench, and replace the bars. He then closed a heavy oaken shutter, and turned to leave the

dungeon, when a slight noise made him start. He closed the lantern, and stood for a moment, his heart beating wildly, and his breath coming fast. While he stood thus, straining every nerve to catch the faintest sound, he heard the rustle of a woman's dress, as it swept rapidly out of the door, and along the stone corridor; then the sound died away, and Stanley once more breathed freely. "Who could it be? not Alice? She would have spoken. Surely none of the maids would venture down here, through all the haunted passages, and corridors; and if they did, they would never recognize me, but perhaps they will go up, and alarm the house with some wild story of robbers. I must hurry away."

He left the dungeon and sped along the cold damp corridor, through which the night wind whistled drearily, as it crept in through the narrow slits in the thick stone walls; on he went, and taking a sudden turn came to a short flight of steps, at the top of which was a door, strongly bolted. Riverdale drew the bolt, and opening the door passed in quickly, and closed it after him, as gently as possible, but the clang of the heavy door rang again through the grim silent passages.

Once more, he bolted the stout door and now felt safe from discovery; he drew back the slide, and let the full light of his lantern shine around. The room was small, and once had been comfortable enough, but now the barred window was concealed by a velvet curtain, the stone floor covered by a thick soft carpet, and handsome furniture, and on a small inlaid table, stood a slender Venetian decanter, filled with rare old wine, which glowed and sparkled like rubies, when Riverdale filled a goblet and drained it at a single draught.

He threw off his crimson mask, and sank into a chair. He was well-nigh exhausted by his long ride, but knew that he must not remain to rest, as his long absence would be remarked.

In a few moments, all traces of the highwayman were removed, and he stood up once more in his evening dress, and after brushing back his glossy raven hair; and regarding himself in a mirror, with a well pleased smile at his own hand some reflection, he turned away, extinguished the light and left the room.

Sir Charles Seymour stood the centre of a group, relating the story of his adventure with Roving Roger, "the gentleman of the road" as he was called, and his two daughters were also busy with the same story in another part of the ball-room. The dancing had been stopped that all might hear; and loud astonishment was expressed at the marvellous escape.

"Oh! dear, and the robber wore a mask?"

"Yes. I did not observe it at first, but the moon came out, from behind a cloud, just as he said he was Roving Roger, and I saw him quite plainly, he wore a red cloak, and red mask, and rode such an enormous black horse."

And the fair speaker shuddered at the bare recollection. So did her hearers, all of them high-born ladies, and while thinking of the danger through which their friends had passed, perhaps some thought of the risk they ran themselves, when they would return, passed through their minds.

"Why, Lady Eva, I wonder you did not faint?" said Lady Clara Hope.

"I very nearly did, but somehow I felt as if the robber was a gentleman, I don't know why, I am sure."

"A gentleman, very likely indeed," repeated her friend scornfully, with a slight elevation of her delicate eyebrows.

"Yes, us. Ask papa if he is not; we are all of us sure of it."

The ladies, one and all looked slightly incredulous, but said nothing, for Lady Eva was the reigning belle of the London season, and a favorite at Court, and therefore was not to be lightly contradicted. Indeed it was a piece of unparalleled and almost unhooped for condescension for her to travel all the way from London, to attend this merry-making. Her father Lord Charles, was an old friend of Sir Claude Riverdale, but this was not the reason the haughty beauty had come so far. She had seen Stanley Riverdale once in London, and remarking his splendid face and figure, had been informed of his long standing engagement to his beautiful cousin.

Lady Eva Seymour had many lovers, but not one of them had ever touched her heart, for the simple reason that she did not possess one. She was perfectly and totally heartless, but she loved admiration and lovers, and above all, did it amuse her to win a man's heart, that was already promised to another. Many girls in far humbler ranks of life, would consider this a dishonorable action, but Lady Eva flattered herself she was above reproach, and that no one would ever dare to censure her conduct.

She had lost her mother when an infant, and had been brought up by a fond and indulgent father, who was blind to every fault of his lovely daughter, and took a delight in her high spirits and self-will. She had all her life-time been accustomed to command, and had been so spoiled, that even if her disposition had originally been good, she would in the end become self-willed and heartless; but her disposition was not good, so she had not changed much, but was merely the selfish, cold-hearted girl, outwardly very sweet and amiable, but without one thought of any but herself, that is so often met with in society.

Stanley Riverdale entered the ball-room unobserved, and glanced round for his cousin. At first he did not see her, but as he sauntered up the room caught sight of Alice standing with a number of other ladies, and engaged in earnest conversation. He at once joined the group, and gently elbowing his way towards Alice, saw for

the first time Lady Eva Seymour; she stood a picture of dazzling beauty, which he never again forgot.

She was then in the bloom of her beauty, being just nineteen. She was rather below the middle height, but her form was so slender that she appeared tall. Her hair was dark brown, almost black. It was worn unpowdered, and fell in short silky curls on her neck, and formed in little rings on the marble brow and nestled softly against the downy cheeks. She was child-like in her beauty; and her soft brown eyes looked full into Stanley's with the expression of dove-like innocence which she knew was irresistible. She looked him full in the face, and her rosy baby mouth wreathed itself into dimpling smiles, as she held out her tiny gloved hand, saying artlessly, "You are Stanley, are you not?"

Stanley bowed low, he was struck dumb. He had often seen beautiful women; the room was full of them even now, and in many ways his cousin, who stood by, was far handsomer than Lady Eva; but you admired the one in a quiet, respectful way, and the other took your heart by storm, with her bewitching, childish loveliness.

Her dress was odd and striking, as she was herself. It was white velvet, relieved with black bands of the same material, and ornamented with clusters of bright scarlet camellias, on the bosom and the shoulders, and she wore the same rich blossoms in her hair. Her necklace, ear-drops and bracelets were large diamonds, and as she stood in the mellow light of the wax tapers, Stanley thought her beautiful enough to worship, to die for.

Lady Eva knew well why he stood silently before her. She was accustomed to strike men dumb with her beauty and lure them into passionate idolatry of her worthless little self, so she smiled up at Stanley and appeared oblivious of his awkwardness.

"Did you hear of our adventure with highwaymen?" she inquired sweetly.

"No, I have not, but hope you will tell me all about it," he replied, gazing down on her with that look which the little beauty was so much used to see in men's eyes, an unmistakeable look of love.

Other eyes noticed the look and read its meaning—the eyes of Alice. She saw all in one glance of her quick woman's eyes; she saw it all, and for a brief moment the room seemed to grow dark and the merry voices die away into a confused murmur, and then she recovered her composure with a mighty effort, and taking the arm of the gentleman nearest to her, walked away, and left Stanley to his fate, for, dearly as she loved him, she knew she could not avert it.

For the remainder of that night Stanley never left the side of Lady Eva. Wondering eyes followed them; for Stanley's intended marriage with Lady Alice was no secret, and that he should so obviously neglect his future bride was a matter of surprise to all.

Alice seemed happy and content; but her mirth was forced, her laughter unreal, and as she was unaccustomed to act a part, she did not do it very successfully to-night.

"Poor Alice," said a dowager, who had known the girl from her childhood; "poor Alice; I am sorry for her. Stanley Riverdale is evidently added to the long list of Eva Seymour's victims. Such a shameful minx of a girl I never had the misfortune to meet with. What can her father be thinking of to let her act as she does, I cannot imagine. Highwaymen indeed! Small loss if they had carried her off body and bones. Can't she marry some one of the men who are fool enough to be mad after her, and let the rest alone. There they are in London by the score. I declare I have lost all patience with them and her. The young Marquis of Ymen's Ferry is as mad as possible and gone off in despair, no one knows where, because she refused him; when, forsooth, the foolish young man should have gone down on his knees and thanked his lucky stars for his escape. But the men never know a nice sensible girl from a chattering flirt, and they never will, poor souls."

The worthy lady who thus spoke of Lady Eva's conduct, with more truth than poetry, had four nice sensible girls of her own, unmarried, and likely to remain so, while Eva ruled every eligible man's heart, in their set.

(To be continued.)

HANGERS-ON.

Foreigners are accustomed to urge it against the English people that they are proud; nay, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, it may as well at once be admitted that our neighbors are accustomed to assert that we are, as a nation, snobbish. We are not prepared to argue the question; nor are we venturesome enough to deny the imputation that, for the sake of gratifying his snobbery, the Englishman sacrifices his peace and comfort and alienates himself from his fellow-men. Perhaps the wisest thing is to admit the soft impeachment. We are fond of appearing a great deal more important than we have any just ground for as assuming. There are few men who do not feel flattered when a lord or a member of Parliament shakes them by the hand or nods as he passes them in the street. There are still less who do not desire to move in a sphere the denizens of which are more desirous of their room than their company. It matters not that, in attempting to gain an entrance into this upper circle, they are constantly snubbed and humiliated; whenever an opportunity occurs is gratified,

even to a small extent. Of course there are exceptions, but as a rule this is the case. Further, a large number of people will forfeit the respect of others, and their own as well, in endeavoring to maintain the footing which they have acquired. They will associate with insignificant cliques who, by turns, bully and ignore them; they will stay where they can see that they are only tolerated and that if the proceeding did not involve some trouble and inconvenience, they would frequently be summarily ejected. They do this, presumably, for the sake of, in turn, domineering over their fellows who, knowing nothing of the pains and penalties, but seeing the apparent magnificence and pleasure, are filled with the amount of envy requisite to compensate the objects of it for what they go through.

Now, a man to maintain his position among any particular set must either possess a certain amount of money, influence, or talent. Unless he does, and makes his power felt, he is quietly "dropped" when occasions serve. The men with influence and money take up their position by right, and retain it with little or no difficulty. The man who has ability, but little of the first two mentioned requisites, has a more difficult part to play. His talent, as a rule, will not enable him to conduct a successful campaign unless he is the owner of great tact, much diplomacy, a thick skin (metaphorically speaking), and a fondness, accompanied by the power, of making himself thoroughly useful. He must, in short, be smart rather than clever. Those who are the latter make their position either by commerce, their pens, or some such means, and then very quietly and with little trouble assert it. But the hanger-on has not sufficient power to enable him to act in this manner. As a rule, he does not distinguish himself in any way; it is generally rumored, indeed, that it takes him all his time to keep his head above water. He appears to most advantage at a dinner-table or in a drawing-room, where he comes out strong in anecdotes. He makes it his business to know a good deal about what is going on in the little world in which he moves, and to imagine a great deal in addition to that with which he really is acquainted. Literary, dramatic, and musical gossip he deals in extensively, and is generally fortunate enough to pass off that which he obtains from the columns of the critical journals as his own, and the result of personal observation or reading. Serious argument, he strenuously avoids, making it a point to be as near as possible in strict unison of opinion with those whom he is desirous of propitiating. Indeed, he is careful only to start such subjects of conversation as he imagines they will approve of, and in which they will, to a certain extent, be able to participate. Those people who are not very bright themselves, and require "coaching," are glad to get hold of the "hanger-on." When he is at their table their awkwardness attracts less notice; when he is in their drawing-room their inability to amuse their guests is not so apparent. Moreover, he is of great use in filling up disagreeable gaps. If daughters whose powers of fascination are not of an extraordinary description, lack partners, he is expected to place himself at their service; when spinster of uncertain age and uncertain temper are neglected, it is his duty to mollify their wounded pride. In short, it is his function to be as entertaining as possible, and to perform any trifling acts of kindness which may be expected from him. At the same time he must have enough judgement to discern when he ought to thrust himself prominently forward, and when to retire into the background, and act as unostentatiously as possible.

The hanger-on receives his reward in being invited to many dinners and many dances, and in being the recipient of a vast amount of condescending patronage. People talk about him as a useful fellow, who is exceedingly kind and obliging. When any one has to play second fiddle he is the one selected, because "he won't be offended, you know," besides, if he were, it would not be a matter of very great importance. He is, further, considered a "safe" man. It is not likely that he will be guilty of the arrant folly and presumption of making love to the daughters of the parents who invite him to their houses. He has more regard for his true interests, and knows his position too well to do that. It is very well understood between those whom he pays homage to and himself what is position is. He is quite aware that it would never do for him to be in the slightest degree eccentric, or to have opinions—genuine opinions—of his own. If he were not willing to compliment Mrs. Jamfoozie upon the juvenility of her appearance, and Mr. Jamfoozie upon his wondrous powers of oratory, and his extraordinary knowledge of the world, he might as well retire from the campaign. To applaud every speech that comes from the lips of his patrons, to laugh heartily at their weak jokes, is a part of his programme. To frown down those whom they look coldly upon, to adapt himself to their fashions, though the most objectionable that were ever called into existence for the mortification of human kind—this, also, is a part of the delightful task which he voluntarily undertakes. That a man pursuing such a course can make many friends is simply impossible. That he must constantly be the subject of intense mortification is equally certain; and that he must lose his own self-respect and that of his fellows, to a certain extent, is true. Added to this, that he is generally, in the end, cast adrift by those to whom he plays the sycophant and lickspittle, and taken in hand by the very second-rate "swells," and it may well be asked if the game which he plays is worth the candle?

—Liberal Review.

DARWIN PARODIED.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE EMOTIONS OF CATS.

Mr. Darwin's new work upon the emotional affinities of the human and the brute creation has induced an able writer for the Titusville, (Pa.) Press to gather such facts as are attainable concerning the humanly emulative habits of the domestic cat. An interview with a Mr. Spelter, director of a local boarding house, and proprietor of a whole orchestra of feline musicians, revealed not only many curious truths respecting the animals concerned, but also that the race is engaged at present in certain mysterious out-door meetings of unknown import. "Mr. Spelter informed me," observed the writer, "that he had twenty of the familiar household pets about his establishment, which he keeps for the comfort of his single male lodgers, who, upon cold nights, take a cat to bed with them, to keep their feet warm. No additional charge is made for this luxury by Mr. Spelter. About a week since a change in the demeanor of these animals was observable. A young gentleman boarder was about to retire for the night, and, as has been his custom since cold weather set in, called upon the landlord to furnish him with a cat and a candle. The proprietor procured a candle, but upon reaching in under the stove for a cat, found none there. He then began a search for these living warming-pans in the pantry, the wood-box, the bag of dried peaches, and the oven; but the only sign he could discover was a circular cavity or depression in a pan of bread that had been set to rise by the stove. The result of the search was in vain, and the inmates of the house went catless to bed that night. Spelter says the next day his pets all reappeared, and acted as if nothing had happened; but about sundown a change seemed to have come over them. Their eyes turned green, and sounds began to emanate from the older animals similar to the more delicious strains of the Italian opera. The younger animals also caught the operatic infection, and the entire feline tribe began to walk slowly around the room in couples, maintaining very orderly behavior, but seemingly suffering extreme mental anguish, which occasioned the cries they tried to repress. 'All at once,' said Mr. Spelter, 'without a word of warning, a large gray and white cat, of the Thomas variety, elevated the central vertebrae of his spine, his tail expanded like a hot-air balloon, and with an exclamation that sounded for all the world like, "Come boys! come h-a-a-h," with the last word drawn out like linked sweetness or sausages, plunged through the window, and was followed by the other nineteen in rapid succession, so that it seemed to a boarder, who happened to be standing outside, as if one variegated cat, about thirty feet long and with twenty tails, located at regular intervals along its spine, had jumped through the window.' Excited by the enormous graphic power of his own description in the last vivid clause, the *Press* writer becomes extravagant, and goes on to show that there are even symptoms of fraternization between the rats and their traditional enemies. A gentleman of much nocturnal observation has assured him 'that at a cat convention upon his fenced real estate, a few evenings ago, upon oyster cans, flower pots, and other elevations, sat great numbers of rats as interested spectators, holding in their paws pasteboard tickets of admission, which had evidently been provided by the cats themselves.' This, however, is evidently a departure from fact into fancy, and suggests rather a possibility of the future than a likelihood of the present.

LIFE IN LONDON.

The English capital, indeed, adopts now a policy which, until a comparatively recent date, was never thought of—it lays itself out for an unlimited growth of population. The old districts are widened up, and the new are constructed to be loosely peopled. The ancient close-packing system has ceased, and light and space are being let into overcrowded localities. There are now half a million more people than there were in 1861, but the traffic in the chief thoroughfares is easier. There are fewer deadlocks in the streets, and business and pleasure are managed with greater facility. These are the results of the simple fact that London has within the last quarter of a century recognised the coming of the stress of an unparalleled population, and made preparations to meet it. Three hundred years ago Queen Elizabeth issued a proclamation forbidding the erection of new buildings "where none such had existed within the memory of man;" for the extension of the metropolis was not only calculated to encourage the increase of the plague, but was thought to create trouble in governing such multitudes—a dearth of victuals, the multiplying of beggars, an increase of artisans more than could live together, and the impoverishment of other cities for lack of inhabitants. At that time the whole population of England and Wales was probably less than five millions, of whom certainly not more than half a million lived in London. But the inhabitable area then was very limited. Without any of the modern machinery of speedy communication and protection from depredation, a city stretching upwards of eleven miles from north to south and from east to west would have been an impossibility. The estimate of a population of 15,000,000 in 1873 is based upon the increase of

the ten years from 1861 to 1871, which was one and a half per cent. per annum. The increase would be much greater—showing a population of something like 18,000,000—if calculated on the rate of accretion in the first fifty years of the present century, and still more if reckoned upon the percentage of the last twenty or thirty years. The ratio of increase of the last ten years, which gives the results of 18,000,000 in 1873, is the lowest since 1841. But that the rate has fallen somewhat since 1861 can hardly be taken to indicate a permanent turn in the tide. The decade in which occurred the American civil war, the stoppage of our cotton manufacture, the greatest financial crisis of the century, and a general depression of trade, is not a fair gauge of the tendency of the population of a great city which suffered severely from all those causes. The fact that in such a time the people of the capital increased by 417,000 is evidence of the determined growth of London under difficulties. Judging from the state of things since the census was taken nearly two years ago, the increase of population between 1871 and 1881 will be at a greater rate than one and a half per cent. Thirteen millions, therefore, a hundred years hence, is a very low estimate for the population of London, and I can imagine nothing short of irretrievable national calamity, or a complete and wholly unlooked for revolution in the conditions of civilization in this part of the world, that can prevent the realization of that estimate. A population of not less than thirteen millions, and a hundred years more of progress in the arts, in science, literature, the drama: from this date a century of inventions, discoveries, new modes of increasing productions and sparing toll, new pleasures and comforts, higher knowledge of all knowable things, inestimable improvements in the art of health, better laws and principles of government—Who can form a conception of life in London at the end of that hundred years? In point of time the period is short; but there have been no ages of the past by which may be measured this century forward. A hundred years ago the machinery which regulates our habits and modes of living to-day was not thought of, and we were still struggling, not very hopefully, to emulate the highest civilization of old Greece and Rome. In all, except pure art, we have now gone far past those ancient standards, and so close have we run once or twice on the heels of the divine masters of the past that the next high wave of genius, or the next after that, may land us far ahead of old history, even in the accomplishments in which the first civilized nations most excelled.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

RED LIGHTS.

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

We copy the following witty account of the departure of the members of the *Parti National* for Ottawa, from the *Gazette* of 4th inst.:

The red lights blazed brightly in Bonaventure Station last evening. They swung cheerfully from the rear of the Pullmans and other passenger cars, like so many beacons in the dismal darkness of the old depot. Belated travellers, when they spied them from afar, learned with gratitude that the train was still patiently waiting for them, and their hearts ceased to palpitate. But there were other red lights aglow in the still murkier political atmosphere. The Rouge members of Parliament for Montreal and vicinity, unintentionally, of course, and without any concerted action, found themselves at the cars, taking passage for their long-coveted seat at Ottawa.

By the merest accident, too, their friends hearing of the exodus, had gathered to see them off. Up from the Quebec suburbs they came, in sleighs, on foot, in twos and threes, chatting in their lively French way, singing snatches of song or shooting off squibs of harmless pleasantries. And, attracted by the magic red lights, when they reached the station, there was a mighty roar, which was a delirious mixture of "hurrah," the "Marseillaise," and "Good-bye, Charlie." Like a poor fire-fly, with drooping wings, we were likewise fascinated by the lights and followed the multitude to the station.

At the entrance about fifty French people were standing around a sleigh listening to an English speech. At first we thought the towering dark figure on the sleigh was that of a fireman giving his orders to put out the conflagration raging within, but on inquiry, we were told that the speaker was a lecturer on constitutional history. His words soon convinced us that this was his true character. He "ran down" the Government, as every sound constitutional lawyer should, abused poor "Cartier," talked of "that man Frank Hincks" as if he had had many a drink with him, and doomed all Tories of the *Gazette* stamp, to "Gehenna." This man seemed to be the chief priest of the whole demonstration.

After concluding his harangue, he jumped down from the sleigh, ran into the station, got on the steps of a Pullman car, waved his long locks defiantly, made a great noise, then pushed through the crowd as if the people had been bundles of goods at a fire. Fortunately he did not run against us, or his triumphal progress might have been impeded. It must be said to the honor of the Opposition members themselves that their conduct was quite other than this. It was befitting gentlemen—as they are. They slipped quietly into the station, bowed to the deserved cheers of their friends

and went into the cars without bungling speeches, or noise of any kind.

The light of battle was in their eyes, however. Like Job's war horse, they were snuffing battle from afar, and seemed buoyed up by the prospect of victory. "They are going up to Ottawa one day in advance," said a young Frenchman to us, "in order to hold a grand caucus to-morrow with the Ontario Grits. On Wednesday they will do nothing, as it is simply opening day, but on Thursday, they will upset John A. and his clique, and on Friday they will return here to meet their constituents for re-election on taking office." "Indeed?" and who are to be the new Ministers?" "Well there is the big man yonder, with the beaver cap. He will be our Minister of Public Works. He has his own plan of a Pacific railroad, his own plan of a ship channel, his own plan of a new canal. The smooth-faced, unshaven man there is to be Minister of Justice. That man is a martyr to his country. He gave up public life for ever, but when the light of victory dawned, he sacrificed himself to his party and went in for a neighboring county, ousting one of his most enlightened and highly educated supporters, in discharging that duty. Then there is the little Michael who slew the Dragon. The successor of Cartier must be in our ministry."

We expressed our delight at this programme, mildly suggested that rotation in politics was a fair thing, and affirmed that, judging by their 48 hours' experience on a previous occasion, the Opposition would make a fine government. One man, on shaking hands with Mr. J. said, "Bon voyage, we will soon see you again." Another said that Mr. L. with his well-known legal acumen, had prophesied to him a speedy victory, which would eclipse that of last summer. Still another shouted out to Mr. Y., "good-bye, work hard for the party, go in and win." The handsome face of the member for V. was dimpled with smiles; the burly form of the member for I. rolled complacently from side to side, while the good-natured, intelligent member for S. looked on half-kindly, half-sarcastically, as if he said: "I come from the country, where we have learned not to count chickens before they are hatched."

But while we gaze, the bells sound, the red lights swing, the trombones crash, a great cheer strikes against the black rafters, and the train rumbles out of the station. Yes, out of the dark station into the darker night. Go forward, O Reformers! and may you be speeded safely. Yonder, if you act well, as you mean well, all will be right. Success may not be yours to command, but meantime God bless our common country.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Black bonnets are no longer *de rigueur* with black dresses; if the bonnet is only partially black, there is always a slight admixture of colour with it. For example, a black lace Rabagas has a coronet of black velvet, with jet leaves appliquéd on it; beneath the coronet a row of forget-me-nots. At the side there is a branch of jet wheat, which stands upright from a pale blue satin bow; a pale blue feather rises at the back of the wheat, and another feather falls over the crown.

Toques, composed of a mixture of black and white lace, are very fashionable. They are ornamented with white lilies of the valley arranged both as a wreath and as an aigrette.

There are really no very important changes in the fashions at this season of the year. No one apparently wishes to put aside the looped-up tunics which we have worn so long; some suppress them at the back, and replace them with a train; but the looped-up tunics are so very pretty and so generally becoming that it would be rash to put them aside.

Black ball dresses are in great favour just now. Tabliers made of narrow black lace a l'Espagnol are worn, and broad black lace is used profusely on trains. With mourning ball dressed bunches of white lilac are worn, also tufts of lilies of the valley, large daisies both in black and white velvet and camellias; and yet in my opinion these flowers do not look so brilliant and effective alone as when the dress is trimmed with jet embroidery and jet foliage is mixed with them. When the wearer is not in mourning, but still desires a black dress, such flowers as pompon geraniums and pink laurel are worn. Flower fringes are also in favor.

In the new piece by M. Alexandre Duinas the younger, Mlle. Discréée, the principal actress, wears some very pretty toilettes. A charming one is composed as follows: A sapphire-blue velvet skirt trimmed with flounces; a blue lac faille tunic embroidered with shaded leaves and blue flowers, and trimmed with fringe and white lace. Light blue faille bodice with Lamballe fichu of white lace.

Polonaises made of embroidered white China crêpe shawls are gaining ground in public favor. I mentioned this in a preceding letter; but when they were first adapted to this use the trimming was not rightly understood. These shawls, when richly embroidered, sometimes terminate with a long but straggling fringe, when this is the case the fringe should be cut off and replaced either by a richer and thicker one or with lace, as nothing looks in worse taste than a poor trimming upon an exceedingly rich fabric.—*Paris Correspondence of the Queen.*

ONE who is, perhaps, a little too critical, says that the majority of the country preachers could burn quite as well as the old religious martyrs—they are soddy.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE FAVORITE.—A writer who delights in paradoxes, and in the enunciation of ideas which invariably shock at first, and as invariably convince when pondered over, says that a trashy, or even immoral literature, is preferable to no literature of a higher kind, because, we suppose, though the writer does not condescend to give any reason for his opinion, the worthless creates a desire which it cannot satisfy. Well, we have had *quantum suf.* of literature of this kind, and we hope that the stage has been reached in which magazines and larger works better worth perusal will be appreciated and liberally sustained—we do not say patronized, holding that the writer and the publisher are the patrons of the reader, not *vice versa*. One of the boldest and most promising tests of public taste is the issue by Mr. G. E. Desbarats of the new illustrated periodical named above. If it should fail to obtain very soon a larger circulation than anything of the kind has yet gained in Canada, we shall be much surprised. It will be evident that literature of a lower type, has, on the theory of the writer quoted, something yet to do, the sooner it does its work and disappears entirely. Under the able editorship of Mr. Phillips, however, there can be little fear that the serial will speedily become in fact as well as the name *The Favorite*. The programme of stories in name *The Favorite*, and the opening numbers is large and attractive. We wish *The Favorite* all success.—*Montreal Herald*.

THE FAVORITE.—The specimen number of this new candidate for public favor, (issued as a Christmas present) is now before us, and we have no hesitation in saying that it cannot fail the same excellent style and taste in the art of securing a permanent place in Canadian literature. It is published by the proprietor of the *Canadian Illustrated News* and its object is to develop native talent. The original articles are entertaining and the selections faultless in character. We wish it a decided success, and honestly think that if continued on the principles laid down for its management, it will richly deserve it.—*Brampton Times*.

THE FAVORITE is purely a Canadian literary paper, and has among its contributors, some of the most popular writers in the country.—*Observer, Cowansville*.

We direct attention to the Prospectus of a new Canadian Literary Paper—*The Favorite*—to be published in Montreal by G. E. Desbarats. It is to be Canadian in its whole management, and printed on Canadian paper with Canadian type. "Encourage home manufacture."—*Times, Picton, Ont.*

THE FAVORITE is the title of a new illustrated literary paper, issued in Montreal from the publishing house of Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats, the enterprising proprietor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and other popular periodicals. *The Favorite*—we are told in the prospectus—"is a thoroughly Canadian publication, owned by a Canadian, edited by a Canadian, printed by Canadians, with Canadian type, on Canadian paper, devoted to Canadian interests, and publishing principally Canadian stories;" and, we may add—judging from the specimen number before us,—eclipsing all outside competitors on this side of the Atlantic, in the character of its reading matter, the artistic merit of its illustrations, and in the style of its mechanical execution generally. *The Favorite* is the largest and cheapest literary paper published on this continent; each number consists of sixty-four columns of good reading matter, equal to three thousand three hundred and twenty-eight columns in the course of a year, and this is furnished at the low rate of \$2 per annum. Liberal inducements are held out to clubs. It is in all respects a first class family newspaper, a credit alike to the publisher and to the publishing enterprise of the Dominion, and richly merits a wide circulation. We cordially recommend *The Favorite* to the patronage of Nova Scotians, and the reading public generally.—*British Colonist, N. S.*

THE FAVORITE—This is the title of a new weekly illustrated family journal, of sixteen pages, just issued by Mr. Desbarats, Montreal, publisher of the *Illustrated News*, the initial number of which we have received. It is sold at five cents a number, or \$2 a year. From the specimen before us, if continued in the same style, we predict for it a successful career. The publisher should be liberally supported in this, his latest effort, to produce a first-class literary and family paper, one every way creditable to Canadian journalism. Our Dominion has made rapid strides in the introduction of a superior class of pure and healthy literary journals within the past few years, many of them much more preferable than those imported weekly from the United States.—*London Evening Herald*.

JUDGING from the specimen number forwarded to us, the *Favorite* will be a desirable addition to our table. It is, we are pleased to see, thoroughly Canadian. Several of our celebrated writers, including Mrs. J. V. Noel, are contributors to its pages. The price is only \$2, and Geo. E. Desbarats, Montreal, is the publisher.—*Daily News, Kingston*.

THE FAVORITE is the title of a new weekly paper, devoted to literature, and intended to be made especially acceptable to Canadians. It is a purely Canadian venture—it is owned by a Canadian, edited by a Canadian, printed by Canadians, with Canadian type, on Canadian paper, and devoted to Canadian interests. Its publisher, Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats,

declares that it is backed by ample capital, and could be run for years without a subscriber, if it was so willed. But its projector does not expect to be required to fall back thus on his own means. He will aim to make the paper acceptable to the reading public, and hopes to receive a support that will also make it profitable. *The Favorite*, a sample number of which is before us, is pronounced the largest and cheapest literary paper published on this Continent, and it may also fairly be claimed that it is one of the handsomest; it consists of 64 columns of good reading matter, or 3,328 columns in the course of a year, which would be equal to about 30 ordinary novels which would cost at least \$15, and this amount of reading matter is offered for \$2 per annum. *The Favorite* will be conducted strictly as a family paper, and nothing that can in any way prove hurtful to the young and pure will be permitted in its columns. English and American tales, when used, will be produced in the columns of *The Favorite* simultaneously with their appearance in England or the United States, arrangements having been made to secure advance sheets. We wish the publisher the success which he so widely deserves.—*Daily News, St. John, N. B.*

THE FAVORITE is the name of a new and beautiful magazine issued by Geo. E. Desbarats, publisher of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, etc. It is a small quarto size, got up in a most beautiful wrapper, and will be issued in monthly parts as well as in weekly numbers. The array of talent engaged in it, chiefly Canadian, is of the very first order, and the design of the publisher is to create a Canadian literary paper, on a pure and healthy tone, which will be a credit to the country. He has ample means of doing so, and will be sure to succeed. It will be well if the *Favorite* takes the place of some of the noxious literature of the day. On sale at all the bookstores.—*Telegraph, St. John, N. B.*

We have received the Christmas sample number of *The Favorite*, a new paper to begin with the new year. It is designed to be a thoroughly Canadian paper, and under the careful supervision of Mr. Desbarats, the enterprising publisher, cannot fail to prove a credit to Canadian literature.—*Oakville Argus*

We have received the Christmas number of *The Favorite*, a new family paper published by George E. Desbarats, of Montreal, at \$2 per annum, and the sample copy before us well bears out the title selected. We have no hesitation in saying that if the publisher carries out his programme, this weekly periodical will be a decided favorite. It is owned and "edited by a Canadian, printed by a Canadian, with Canadian type, on Canadian paper, devoted to Canadian interests and publishing principally Canadian stories." The publisher aims to make it a first-class family paper, and promises to pay the highest price for the best written articles, (if he only does this he may expect to get supplied, and his readers will reap the benefit.) The first number, will contain the commencement of three or four first class Canadian stories. We wish the enterprising publisher every success, and beg our readers to subscribe for the *Favorite*, and encourage home talent and home enterprise.—*Pontiac Advance*.

We have received a specimen copy of a new weekly paper called *The Favorite*, published by Mr. George E. Desbarats. The new candidate for public patronage is, in shape and got-up, somewhat similar to *Bow Bells*; it contains sixteen pages of well-selected and varied reading matter, has several illustrations, and an elaborate cover. The list of contributors is large, and a note-worthy feature is the desire of the publisher to encourage Canadian literature. Altogether *The Favorite* is a very creditable production, and deserves well of the Dominion.—*Sherbrooke Gazette*.

By this mail we have received a copy of *The Favorite*, a new weekly literary paper, published by Geo. E. Desbarats, Montreal. It is very nicely printed, in quite a handy form, and we have no doubt will be a welcome visitor to many a home in this country. Only two dollars per annum.—*Public Ledger, St. John's Nfld.*

It is purely Canadian, and while it is cheaper than American publications of the same class, it contains stories of greater interest to Canadians, from the fact that the scenes are mostly laid in Canada. Price, \$2 a year.—*Cowansville Observer*.

The second number of Desbarats' new publication, *The Favorite*, which is taking such a hold upon our Canadian population, is at hand, and a glance shows that it is as meritorious as its predecessor, the Christmas number. It is a sixteen-page weekly publication, and gives the latest and newest stories, and all for five cents. Surely such an enterprise deserves to prosper. Being a Canadian publication, it is fitting that Canadians should support it, but a look at it will convince anyone that it has higher claims than that.—*Barrie Advance, Jan. 30, 1873.*

We have to acknowledge the receipt per mail of the Christmas, or sample number of a new Canadian publication, entitled *The Favorite*, published by Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats, of Montreal. *The Favorite* is a neat 16 page-quarto magazine, elegantly got up, replete with quite a variety of excellent reading matter, original tales, poetry, &c., and embellished with some neat engravings, making altogether a very interesting and instructive family paper. We wish the new periodical every success.—*Courier, St. John's, Nfld.*

THE FAVORITE, a new Canadian weekly illustrated magazine of 16 pages, at \$2 per annum,

has just been issued by Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats, the enterprising Montreal publisher. This sample number is really a splendid one, and *The Favorite* will be a great credit to Canadian literature.—*Examiner, Mount Forrest*.

THE FAVORITE—We would desire to draw the attention of our readers to this new illustrated periodical, published by Mr. Desbarats, of Montreal. *The Favorite* is issued in weekly numbers of 16 pages at 5 cents, and in monthly parts of 64 or 80 pages, in a handsome cover, at 20 cents. Subscribers at \$2 will be served with the weekly issue for one year, unless they specify that they prefer the monthly.—*Ottawa Daily News*.

THE FAVORITE is the name of a new Canadian illustrated weekly published in Montreal, by Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats, the enterprising proprietor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. It is a sixteen-page quarto with a handsome lithographed title, and contains a large number of original and selected stories and other light reading. It is slightly sensational in style, but this, we presume will not be an objection with the majority of readers.—*St. John's News, Q.*

THE FAVORITE, a new illustrated 16-page literary paper, published by Geo. E. Desbarats, Montreal, proprietor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, at the low rate of \$2 per year. The enterprise of the publisher, and the standard of excellence to which he has raised the *News*, are sufficient guarantees that he will make *The Favorite* a popular periodical.—*Eastern Chronicle, New Glasgow, N. S.*

THE FAVORITE is the name of a new literary paper published in Montreal, by Geo. E. Desbarats, Esq., the celebrated Canadian publisher. *The Favorite* promises well, and we shall be most happy to welcome our new exchange to the literary field.—*Mayflower, Halifax*.

WITH the commencement of the year a new and beautiful paper has made its appearance. It is called *The Favorite*, and is published in Montreal, by Geo. E. Desbarats, at the same office from which issues the *Illustrated News*, now so popular and so welcome to those who receive it. *The Favorite* is a weekly journal, really a splendid one, beautifully illustrated, and will indeed be a favorite with the Canadian people as soon as its merits are known.—*Paisley Advocate*.

It is a thoroughly Canadian paper, well and attractively got up.—*Orillia Expositor*.

THE FAVORITE.—The second number of Desbarats' new publication, *The Favorite*, which is taking such a hold upon our Canadian population, is at hand, and a glance shews that it is as meritorious as its predecessor, the Christmas Number. It is a sixteen-page weekly publication, and gives the latest and newest stories, and all for five cents. Surely such an enterprise deserves to prosper. Being a Canadian publication, it is fitting that Canadians should support it, but a look at it will convince anyone that it has higher claims than that.—*Cayuga Advocate*.

THE FAVORITE is really a useful, and must be a welcome periodical in the homes of Canada. The stories are well written, by Canadian authors, and are free from the detestable and debasing characters of similar newspaper literature published in the United States. The most chaste and virtuous maiden may read *The Favorite* without any danger to morality or virtue.—*Toronto Leader*.

THE FAVORITE.—No. 2 of this already popular illustrated weekly is for sale at the bookstores. The second number is an improvement on the first, and we are glad to see that it is fast becoming a favorite with the public.—*London Herald*.

THE FAVORITE.—This new illustrated periodical continues to meet with public favor. It has now reached its fourth number, and continues to improve with age. It is a purely Canadian publication, superior to many of the trashy periodicals that find their way into this country from the United States, and should therefore be liberally supported by a Canadian public. It can be obtained at any of the bookstores.—*London Herald*.

THE FAVORITE is the name of a new candidate for public favor, published by Geo. E. Desbarats, Montreal. The paper is published weekly, full of stories, and is worthy of extensive patronage.—*Ours Illustrated, Feb., Province, R. I.*

THE FAVORITE is said to be the best and cheapest paper in Canada. Its publisher, Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats, of Montreal, has done more in the past for Canadian periodical literature, than any other man in the country, and we hope to see this new Canadian weekly liberally supported by all who take an interest in Canadian enterprise. From the numbers we have seen, the tone of the periodical is healthy.—*Barrie Advance, Jan. 30, 1873.*

WILL SHE LEAVE HIM?—We have a poetic production from one of the craft. It is entitled, "The Printer's Love." It commences:—

"And will my loved one leave me thus?" We cannot say. She may or she may not. Much depends upon the personal attractions, circumstances, or habits of the poet. If he writes such poetry as this, we should say that she could leave him at once. We are equally puzzled about the "thus." She may leave him thus, and again she may leave him in a scratch condition, or minus his hair. Or if the "thus" refers to her manner of going, we may suggest that there are several ways by which she might leave him. She could walk, or ride, or hire a wheelbarrow. On the whole, we would rather not have such questions.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE library of the British Museum is said to contain at the present time more than 800,000 volumes.

As many as 112 daily newspapers are now published in the United Kingdom. Of these, London sends forth 14; the Provinces, 64; Ireland, 20; Scotland, 11; Wales, 2; Channel Islands, 1.

THE Maories of New Zealand are said to be fast dying out. In 1842 they were supposed to number about 114,000; in 1850, 70,000; in 1858, 55,700; in 1866, 45,000; in the year just ended they were reckoned at considerably below 40,000.

AGES OF TREES.—How vast are the periods of life allotted to long-eval trees may be judged from the following list of ages known to have been reached by patriarchs of the respective kinds named:—Cercis, 300 years; elm 335; ivy, 450; maple, 518; larch, 576; orange, 680; cypress, 800; olive, 800; walnut, 900; Orient plane, 1,000; lime, 1,100; spruce, 1,200; oak, 1,500; cedar, 2,000; Schubertia, 3,000; yew, 3,200.

ETHER AS AN ANESTHETIC.—The editor of the *American Quarterly Journal of Medical Sciences*, after summarizing some of the more important communications which have recently appeared in our columns (*British Medical Journal*) on this subject, says: "It will be seen that a decided reaction has at last taken place in England in favor of ether as an anesthetic. It is surprising that so many surgeons should have thus long obstinately persisted in preferring the use of chloroform, notwithstanding the numerous deaths which have followed its use, and the strong array of evidence which has been adduced, in this journal and elsewhere, of the superior safety of ether."

ECHOES IN PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—The *American Railway Times* describes a novel method which has been adopted to prevent the recurrence of an echo in the new court-house at Bloomington. A Mr. Carlock suggested that the stretching of small wires at a proper height and at suitable distances would be of great benefit. This was tried, and the effect proves to be a vast improvement. The theory is, that the wires (so small as to be hardly visible) break the sound-waves and prevent the reverberation, hitherto the chief obstacle and annoyance. Three or four wires only, crossing the room, were found sufficient to effect this wonderful change.

AKAZGA, THE AFRICAN ORDEAL POISON.—A French chemist has made some experiments with the poison *akazga*—received from West Africa in bundles of long, slender, crooked stems, and used there as an ordeal—and finds it to resemble *nux vomica* in its physiological effects. He has separated from it a new crystalline alkaloid, closely resembling strichnia, but differing from it in being precipitated by alkaline bicarbonates. A suspected wizard is made to drink an infusion of the bark, and then to walk over small sticks of the plant; if guilty, he stumbles, and tries to step over the sticks as if they were logs, finally falling in convulsions, when he is beaten to death by clubs; if innocent, the kidneys act freely, and the poison is supposed to be thus eliminated.

Poisonous COLORING MATTERS.—Dr. Hirt has recently called attention, the *British Medical Journal* says, to the increasing use of poisonous coloring matters in trade, especially those containing arsenic and lead. He had visited, in Breslau, the establishments of confectioners, gingerbread-makers, stationers, toy-dealers, hair-dressers, colored paper makers, and flower-makers, and had arrived at the following results.

He detected arsenic in the coloring matters used for painting over sugar-plums, and also in the green paper employed for wrapping articles of food, for covering toys, and for lampshades. Arsenic was also found in the paints in children's paint-boxes. Lead was found in the coloring matter of articles of food, in colored papers used for packing substances of food, and the covering of toys, as well as in children's paints and in wafers and hair-dyes. The danger incurred, especially by children, in consequence of the use of lead-colors in papers used for packing, Dr. Hirt stated to be very great. A brick-colored paper, containing red lead, is very extensively used for packing chocolate-tablets and bonbons; and Dr. Meusel found each sheet to contain about 28 grains of lead, representing about 29 grains of oxide or 51 grains of sugar of lead. Each sheet is sufficient for packing sixteen chocolate-tablets or from thirty-two to thirty-six bonbons; consequently, with each tablet there are 3 grains of sugar of lead, and with each bonbon 1½ grain. It is not necessary that the children should lick the paper to produce poisoning; for the sugar used in bonbons has a tendency to unite with the lead and form a saccharate, and thus to render soluble the perhaps otherwise insoluble lead-compounds. The boxes containing the chocolate-tablets and bonbons are often damp, and the wrapping-paper is soft and pervious to moisture; and there can be no doubt that the materials contained in the papers must come into contact with the lead and become impregnated with the poison. Dr. Hirt remarked that various orders of government that passed during the last fifty years were in force, and were sufficient, if carried out, to prevent the use of such materials as those to which he referred; but they were not sufficiently known, and were only in force in the district of Breslau—the town itself being apparently exempt.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

Go over the farm as soon as the snow melts in the spring. You will see many things that need to be done. Make a note of them and prepare to do them at the right time.

TOP-DRESSING grass-land is a grand means of ameliorating the effect of drouth. Spread the manure as early as possible in the spring, and if you have a Thomas harrow use it freely to break up the manure.

THE principal work of the month in this latitude, is to get ready for sowing and planting in April and May. See that the seed is ready, the implements in order, the harness well oiled and repaired, and the horses in good condition for hard work.

A FRENCH farmer has discovered that the use of tan is an efficient preventive against potato disease. For three years he has introduced a small quantity of the residue of the bark used in tanning into each hole on planting his potato crop, and each time he has been completely successful in preserving his fields free from the annoying disease.

UNDERDRAINING on all wet soils is indispensable to real success in farming. A well-drained and well-worked heavy soil is rarely affected by drouth. Every enterprising farmer will do more or less draining every spring. If he once commences to underdrain, and does the work well, he will not be likely to stop until he has made all his land dry.

YOUNG stock should be fed liberally. They are growing, and can not be kept healthy unless they have enough nutrient to provide for their natural growth. A bushel of chaffed straw or stalks, a bushel of chaffed clover hay, half a peck of fine bran, and a quart of corn-meal, mixed together, form a cheap and excellent food. Let them have all they will eat of it. If they leave any, give it to the older cattle.

SHEEP.—Clean out the sheds or pens. Nothing is so bad for sheep as to compel them to stand or lie upon fermenting manure. They will do better in the mud even than on fermenting manure. Both, however, are bad. Give a little fresh straw for bedding every day—just enough to keep the sheep dry and comfortable. At this season the flock-master needs to exercise all his vigilance, energy, and best judgment. In our changeable climate it is no easy matter to carry a large flock of sheep through this month and the next. A great point is to have several apartments and to grade and feed the sheep according to their condition. But avoid sudden changes in feeding. For breeding stock, clover, hay, bran, and roots are better than grain.

FAMILY MATTERS.

ONE of the most important points in window gardening is watering. There should be plenty of cracks in the bottom of the pot so as to let the water pass off rapidly, and thus ensure perfect drainage. This is one of the few rules without any exception, as there is not a single plant suitable for window culture which will flourish if the water be allowed to stagnate in the bottom of the pot.

EXCELLENT WHITEWASH.—As the house cleaning season is approaching, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to whitewashing. There are many recipes published, but we believe the following to be the best. Sixteen pounds of Paris white, half a pound of white transparent glue, prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning is carefully heated—without scorching—until dissolved. The Paris white is stirred in with hot water to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to walls; the mixture is then applied with a brush like the common-lime whitebrush. Except on very dark and smoky walls, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.

CANNING AND BOTTLING FRUIT.—Every intelligent housewife who has had any experience in bottling and canning fruit, understands the superiority of glass vessels for such purposes over either tin or stone ware. It is true, glass jars are a little more expensive and somewhat liable to crack when filling in the warm fruit. On the other hand fruit in the glass jars is at all times in a condition for inspection, so that the slightest fermentation, which sometimes occurs, may at once be detected; and, as for the cracking, that has been overcome. Glass is more easily washed and cleansed than either stone or tin ware, and proof against corrosion—a very serious objection to tin. A lady correspondent of *Gardener's Monthly* gives the following as her experience and views on the use of glass and tin vessels:

It used to be customary and is for that matter, customary yet, to put the glasses in cold water, and gradually heat them up to near boiling point, when the heated fruit is put in and closed up. But with all my greatest care glasses often broke. Now I get a wet towel, double it four or five times, and set the jar on this while pouring in the warmed fruit. I adopted this plan all the last season, and did not have one glass to crack. I saw the hint in some newspaper, but cannot recollect where. It seemed so unreasonable to cool them, that I was at first afraid to try it, and very reluctantly experimented with two.

As they succeeded well, I did all that way last

summer, and shall continue to do them in the same way. This objection against my favorite glasses is thus entirely removed, and there remains nothing in favor of tin but the first cost. I use many different patterns of jars, all of which have elastic bands around the stoppers, some tightened by screwing, others by a clasp. All this is soon done, and the bottles soon opened when wanted, which is an advantage over tin, for which cement has to be prepared, and which takes time to open—and then the superior cleanliness of the process in the jars, is I think much in their favor over tin.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A SCHOOL-BOY in Virilin, Illinois, who was "kept in" during recess, has sued the schoolmaster for false imprisonment.

MR. LIEBREICH, the oculist, has invented a school-desk, intended to obviate the injuries to the sight induced by children sitting in a lopsided position to write.

CURIOS OBJECTS DISCOVERED IN ROME.—Amongst a variety of curious objects lately found in the excavations of Rome are portions of a net found at the Esquiline, pieces of woollen stuff blackened by time, and having the appearance of contact with fire, but still preserving their elasticity, and the remnants of a straw mat much discolored. These objects were found in a large room in which a public wash-house is supposed to have been established.

JOHN WALTER, Esq., of the London *Times*, recently had all his literary and mechanical staff—over three hundred in number—at his country-seat, Bearwood Hall, and gave them a grand banquet. The only newspaper man in this country who does the same kind of thing, though on a larger scale, is Mr. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. He takes his entire force once a year to Cape May, or some other cape, gives them a superb entertainment, makes many presents, and keeps the lives of his principal editors, cashiers, etc., well insured for the benefit of their families.

A SMALL boy skating beside the railroad track between Sharon and Lawrence, Wis., recently discovered a broken rail, and at the same time saw a freight train coming down the heavy grade towards the break in the track. He comprehended the situation at once, and started toward the approaching train, swinging his scarf wildly in the air. The engine was reversed and the train stopped in safety. The boy waited only long enough to be supplied with a red flag, when he went up the track at a lively pace to stop an extra train which was following the freight train. Accomplishing his second undertaking, the boy disappeared without leaving his name or any clue to his whereabouts.

A GENTLEMAN applied to a London Police magistrate, the other day, for a summons against his housekeeper for beating him about the head with a rump-steak. The magistrate asked the gentleman whether she knocked him about with the steak to make the head tender or the steak. Applicant said he did not know, but he knew that his head was very tender. The magistrate, who was a worthy man, and probably foreseeing the difficulties of arbitration in such a case, advised the applicant not to take a summons, but to deal with another butcher. The gentleman promised to think over the matter. Gentleman and ladies have novel ways of correcting each other in England. In the same paper from which the above edifying piece of news is taken, we read an account of a gentleman beating out his wife's brains with a frying-pan.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

IF love were never professed but when it is felt, it would appear to be a scarce article.

GRIEF is lessened by common endurance; joy and hope are sweeter by common employment.

DISPUTING is hot service, and is generally performed with too much eagerness to be successful.

NOTHING is more dangerous than an imprudent friend; better is it to deal with a prudent enemy.

POLITENESS is like an air cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

DISPOSITION to calumny is too bad a thing to be the only bad thing in us: a vice of that distinction cannot be without a large retinue.

EVERY man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

A CONSCIENCE void of offence is an inestimable blessing, because it gives a pleasure which no rancourings of malice can destroy; it is proof against malignity itself, and smiles upon its most sanguinary efforts.

LAMPS do not talk; they simply shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the water its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So should it be with religion, which should be proclaimed and made known by its quite works rather than by loud or frequent protestations.

BEAUTY is very much a matter of taste, for many ladies designated as plain have been found more amiable, more agreeable, and more fascinating than those considered handsome. Regular features are all very well; but they only appear dollish, when they beam not with the light of amiability and intelligence.

How many men marry, and before the honeymoon is passed, begin to treat their partners with cold neglect—how many marry and will not give up their intemperate habits, and thus their forsaken wives are left to pine in anguish at home—and how many marry who soon treat them as slaves, and care not how they insult them should they dare to utter a complaint.

IT is one of the severest test of friendship to tell your friend of his faults. If you are angry with a man or hate him, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words; but to so love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to speak painful truths through loving words—that is friendship. But few have such friends. Enemies usually teach us what they are at the point of the sword. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

We would advise all young people to acquire, in early life, the habit of correct speaking and writing; and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer you live, the more difficult correct language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim, if neglected, is very properly doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers and poets in the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show the weakness of vain ambition rather than the polish of an educated man.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"GIVE me none of your jaw," as the fibber said to the man.

HOW TO MAKE MEAT ABUNDANT.—Live within your income, and then you will make both ends meet.

SHAKESPEARE says Macbeth doth murder sleep. The retribution is fearful; for how many actors murder Macbeth!

WHAT is the difference between a prude and a postage-stamp?—The one is always stuck up, the other always stuck down.

A KENTUCKIAN has by practical experiment settled a long-vexed question, and announces that it takes just five shots to kill a lightning-rod man.

An absent-minded Danbury lady, on Monday, tied a bed-quilt she had just washed, in a rocker in front of the stove, and pinned her baby to the clothes-line.

AN Essex street boy made a very handsome snow man about seven feet high, Saturday, and robed it with his mother's sixty dollar Paisley shawl. He is saddest when he sits.

JOHN Grateiger, of Louisville, took down an old musket and shot at a turkey. The charge went out at the wrong end of the gun, and Mr. Grateiger was swept up on a dust pan.

JOHN BILLINGS gives the following advice to young men:—Don't be discouraged if yer mustach don't grow; it sometimes happens where a mustach duz the best nothing else duz so well."

PENNY WISE.—National Schoolmaster (going round with Government Inspector): "Wilkins, how do you bring Shillings into Pence?"—Pupil: "Please, sir, 'takes it round to the Publicouse, Sir!"

"WHY, Biddy," said Mary, "how long are you going to boil those eggs? You've had 'em on ten minutes already." "Well, faith, an Missus tould me to boil 'em soft; an' I'm goin' to boil 'em till they're soft; if it takes all day."

GERMANTOWN wants to have a goat show, with a prize for the Capricornus which can destroy the greatest amount of shrubbery in a given time, and for the one that can chew the heaviest week's wash off the highest clothes line.

A PEORIA man stayed out in the yard until two o'clock the other night, trying to freeze his dog to death. Five doctors' buggies were standing in front of his house the next morning, and his dog is sucking eggs by day, and howling by night, as usual.

It is said that a man at the bottom of a deep well can see stars in the day-time. It is a fact. A man in the country, in this advantageous position for astronomical observation, saw quite a galaxy of stars of various magnitudes lately. A brick fell on his head from the top of the well.

A SOCIETY for the suppression of slang has been formed among the pupils of the girls' high school of San Francisco. Said a reporter to one of its members: "Your object is a praiseworthy one. Do you think you will succeed in eradicating conversational slang?" Said she, "You bet."

AN ILLITERATE person, who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overhearing a hint once to that effect, replied, "Other gentlemen

puts down what they thinks proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is nothing to nobody."

THE great-grandfather of Thomas Edwards died at one hundred and fourteen; his grandfather at one hundred and four; but the father died at the early age of sixty-seven. His young son Edward, now only ninety-five, recklessly committed matrimony with a chit of seventy. That is what comes of being an unadvised orphan.

ONE FOR THE LAWYERS.—Suppose a man owns a skiff; he fastens the skiff to the shore with a rope made of straw; along comes a cow; cow gets into the boat; turns round and eats the rope; the skiff thus let loose, with the cow on board, starts down stream, and on its passage is upset; the cow is drowned. Now, has the man that owns the cow got to pay for the boat, or the man that owns the boat got to pay for the cow?

A MARRIED woman in Decatur, Ohio, the other day, pining for her husband's society, went with her three little children to the billiard-room and took a seat by his side. "It's disgraceful," said he, looking daggers at her. "I know it," continued the injured wife, "and you have borne the disgrace so long, my dear, that I have determined henceforth to share it with you;" and she took out her knitting and settled down for the evening. He went home much earlier, and it was the last of him that was seen in that billiard-room.

THE cultivated listener at any of our concerts (says an American writer) cannot fail to be brought to a knowledge of the fact that there are a great many varieties of the same kind of voice. Take, for instance, the soprano, and you will find the speaking, the squealing, the screaming, the squalling, the squacking, the scooping, the timid-flutter, the terrific sharper, and many other varieties. Among the altos are the guttural, the sepulchral, the thick, the thin, the betwixt-and-between, and the soft-solder alto. Other varieties of course exist which do not require the use of an ear-trumpet to enable the listener to distinguish them. Of all these the "crying tenor" is certainly the most to be dreaded. It can only be employed at funerals and "wakes," and even then its effect is almost too heart-rending. Now last, but not least, the basses. There is the roaring, the howling, the bellowing, the grain-leather, the pumpkin-stalk, the empty-barrel, the graveyard, the down-cell, the sledge-hammer, the wire-edge, the dry-as-dust, the mouldy, the gone-to-seed, and the blast-furnace bass.

OUR PUZZLER.

35. SINGLE CHRONOGRAM.

A date that should remembered be—
Both high and low to this agree.

A sweet and "merrie" month of the year;
A term of endearment—no, not "dear";
A river of England, suggestive of "blue";
A fabulous creature, half man, half horse, too;
The spot where a queen's body rested this
marks;
A town that abounds in most beautiful parks;
The wife of a sage, a most terrible shrew;
A town famed for wine—'tis in Spain, I'll tell
you;
A land in the North—oh 'tis cold there, you'll
find;
A name for the rainbow—you'll bring it to
mind.

BETSY HAMMON.

36. ENIGMA.

Wise men by me were one time led
Through a devious path to an infant's bed.

Behead me, and our sailors then
Will know the merry cognomen.

Offensive both to touch and smell,
I'm useful if you use me well;

While, if reversed, I must appear
A vermin mauls and women fear.

J. WILKINS.

37. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

I am in a word of nine letters. My 7, 4, 2, 8, 9, is a river in Germany; my 1, 9, 8, is a number; my 9, 8, 1, 2, 3, 9, is to attract; my 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, means carried; my 1, 6, 8, is a weight; my 1, 4, 6, 7, 8, is something troublesome; my 7, 6, 5, signifies to steal; my 3, 6, 7, 8, is a kind of grain; and my whole is a highly interesting personage of the present day.

38. REBUS.

My nature is to importune
Until I've gained my point;
Transposed to the service of the church
They ever me anoint;
Transposed again, to ornament
Dresses I'm often made;
While many a man for his misdeeds
Has been by me paid.

JESSY.

ANSWERS.

31. ANAGRAM.—"The Taming of the Shrew."
32. ENIGMA.—Mortar.
33. CHARADE.—Arth-Ur.
34. REBUS.—Carp, Apollo, Squall, Toil, Ohlau, Reflux.—CASTOR and POLLUX.

(Continued from page 145.)

room, an' she sidim comes down here, an' how could I tell ye where she is?"

"My mother appeared satisfied with this rather ambiguous answer; and I went out the back way, as soon as possible. I met Frank; we got married; father and mother forgave us, when they found they could not unmarry us; and you knew how happy we have been together. So," concluded Mrs. Sloper, "I advise Annie to black her face, and walk out of the house without any one recognising her."

"No," replied Miss Howson, decidedly, "I won't black my face to please anyone; but, I think I can manage without that, only I want you to help me. I want you to ask Julia and I to dine here to-day. To write a letter, I mean, so that I can show it to auntie, and prevent any suspicion. Then Harry can call for me about seven, and the four of us, you, Harry, Julia and I can go to Dr. Bellowhard, and there will be no more trouble; and Harry and I can take the train for Niagara to-night. In your note say 'come early,' and I will tell auntie to send the carriage for us at half-past nine, and you can give the coachman a note I will write to papa."

Mrs. Sloper immediately agreed to the plan, and wrote the required note which was shortly afterwards delivered at Mr. Howson's residence.

The doctor was duly notified of the plan and arrived at Mrs. Sloper's residence shortly after seven. He and the three ladies immediately proceeded to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Bellowhard and, in a few minutes, Dr. Griffith and Miss Howson were declared man and wife.

Mrs. Sloper and Julia left the newly married couple to proceed to the depot alone, and returned to Mrs. Sloper's residence to await the arrival of the carriage which would only have one occupant instead of two. Annie had written the letter to her father and entrusted it to Julia, but that young lady felt uncommonly uncomfortable as she drove home alone, thinking of the possibility of her father's anger descending on her own head.

The station was crowded when the doctor and his young wife arrived; but they met no one they recognised.

Tickets and a state-room in the Pullman had been previously secured, and no time was lost in reaching the car as the conductor's warning voice was already crying "All Aboard," and the last bell was ringing.

The doctor was assisting his wife up the steps of the car, when, a gentleman, running out very hastily struck her and almost threw her back into her husband's arms.

"Excuse me, miss," he exclaimed. "Pon my word, you know, I'm quite ashamed of my carelessness; can't see a yard before me without my glass, you know—why," he continued, after he had succeeded in fixing a diminutive eye-glass in his left eye and looked through it spy-glass fashion, "I declare it's Miss Howson; I'm awfully glad to see you, you know, and ever so sorry that I was awkward enough to run against you, don't you see. Are you going away, or only, like me, come to see some friends off?" and Mr. Theophilus Launcelot Polydor Johnson, took off his hat and bowed very low.

That fear about anybody being able to arrest her while running away, returned to the young bride now; but she felt braver with her husband by her side, and she answered promptly:

"My husband and I are about to start on our wedding trip to Niagara. Will you be kind enough to let me pass into the car, the train will start in a minute."

"Your who?" exclaimed Mr. Johnson in astonishment.

"My husband, Dr. Griffith. Please let me pass."

"Oh, certainly, pray excuse me." He got off the step and the doctor assisted his wife into the car. The two men glared at each other for a moment, but neither spoke. In another minute the train was steaming out of the depot and Mr. Johnson was left standing alone, gazing at the departing cars through his eye-glass, which was stuck so firmly in his left eye that it seemed as if it would never come out again.

"Here's a go, you know," he said after awhile, addressing nobody in particular, and still looking at the red light of the fleeting train; "it must be a go, don't you see, I can't make it out exactly; but I'll see about it."

He proceeded to see about it immediately by leaving the depot and walking towards St. James street.

SCENE V.

A GOOD MANY PEOPLE GET ASTONISHED.

Mr. Johnson stopped on the way and purchased a cigar; he was not a man capable of any great amount of very hard thinking, but he had

an idea that he always thought better while smoking than at any other time.

He felt pretty certain that he had just witnessed an elopement; but could not exactly make up his mind what action he ought to take in the matter. Altho' a fool he was a gentleman, and it seemed to him that it was scarcely fair that he, an admirer of Miss Howson's, should turn informer on her when she had shown so decided a preference for another as to marry him. And then he thought that if she was really married—which he did not doubt—it could be of no advantage to him to have the runaways stopped; but another consideration rose before him, and that was his duty to the "old boy," as he mentally termed Mr. Howson; and whether it should be honorable in him to keep the knowledge of Annie's elopement a secret from her father.

"It's an awful puzzle, you know," thought Mr. Johnson; "it's a brick wall I can't find a hole in to peep through, don't you see. I must ask somebody about it; perhaps, it would be as well to ask Gus, he is an awfully clever fellow

"I'm in a muddle, don't you see, and I want a bit of advice from you, you know."

"Well, go on; we can talk here just as well as in the street, and I want to go out with Frank and Charlie as soon as possible. No one can hear us here; what is it?"

Mr. Johnson told his adventure as briefly as possible, and the doubt he was in as to what he ought to do, and was very much astonished at Mr. Fowler's suddenly seizing him by the arm and pulling him back into the room they had just quitted.

"It is all right," shouted Mr. Fowler, greatly excited. "I know where the doctor is; he has eloped with Annie Howson, and they are on their way to Niagara Falls; Polly saw them at the depot, and Annie told him they were married and where they were going."

"What?" exclaimed both his hearers. "Eloped?"

"Yes," said Mr. Johnson, "that is, you know, they were going away together, don't you see, and Annie said she was married, you know, and

simple reason that he could not find his hat, which had fallen off when he dragged Mr. Johnson into the room, and was quietly reposing at the foot of the stairs while Mr. Fowler was searching under the bed, and in every likely and unlikely place for it.

"Hi've got what you wanted, Mr. Farron," said Mr. Boggs, advancing into the room, and speaking confidentially, "hand hit's ha beauty."

"All right," replied Farron, who had lost all interest in hip bones for the present. "Call to-morrow and I will settle with you; I am busy now."

"Hall right, yer 'onor," replied Mr. Boggs, backing towards the door. "You'll find it a beauty, sir. Poor lady, so pretty-looking, too, hand she just 'ad a baby. The baby's there, too, has I thought hi might as well bring hit along."

"Where did you get it, Boggs?" inquired Mr. Fowler, who, after an unsuccessful dive under the bed for what he thought was his hat but found to be a boot, had just reappeared, looking very hot and dusty.

"Hat Longueuil, gents both."

"Longueuil!" The word fell like an echo from the lips of both students at once, and they looked into each other's faces with an expression half astonishment, half fear.

"When?" asked Farron.

"Last night, gents both. Hi took hit up to the college this morning, nice hand tidy done up has a sack of potatoes, hand I should 'ave come round sooner but my hold woman was took with a sickness which hadded one to the male population, and hi 'open it will make 'er appy."

"Come on, Gus, what are you so long about?" said Morton, turning from the window where he had been standing gazing with a vague, far-off look, into the street.

"Don't be in a hurry, Charlie," said Farron. "Sit down a minute; there may be something of more importance to attend to than seeing Mr. Howson a few minutes sooner or later. This man was engaged by me to procure a subject; he tells me he has got a mother and a little baby from Longueuil; perhaps —"

He said no more, for Morton's face told him he understood all that' perhaps' might mean."

"I see it, Frank," he said, after a pause. "I can satisfy all my doubts at once. Let me once look on this corpse, and if it proves to be a stranger it will tend to allay my anxiety; if it should be Mamie —"

He said no more, but a hard, stern look stole over his face and he clenched his hands until the nails almost pierced the flesh.

"Let us go," he exclaimed presently. "I am all on fire until I know the truth," and he took Farron's arm and left the room.

"Yes, let us go," echoed Mr. Fowler who had a misty sort of idea that the greater number of people went the better, and he clapped Mr. Johnson's hat on that astonished gentleman's head, and hurried him out of the room as hastily as he had a short while before ushered him into it. Indeed so great was Mr. Fowler's haste that he quite forgot he had no hat on, and would most undoubtedly have gone bareheaded had he not, fortunately, stumbled over the one he had dropped at the foot of the stairs.

"But, here, hold on, look here, old fellow, where are you going to, you know," said Mr. Johnson who, of course had not understood the dialogue about the body which Mr. Boggs had exhumed, "You can't go to Niagara to-night, don't you see?"

"Niagara! Who wants to go to Niagara?"

"Then where are you going?"

"To the college."

"No, thank you. I went into the dissecting room once with Frank, you know, and the fellows played tricks on me, don't you see; put a piece of liver in my pocket, pelted bits of "meat," as they called it, at me, and gave me nasty bones to smell, you know. No, I don't like a dissecting room."

But his protest was unavailing, for Mr. Fowler had hurried him along so rapidly that they were already at the college and the four young men ascended the steps together.

Mr. Boggs did not leave quite so hastily. As soon as he was satisfied that they were out of the house, he went to the closet in which he remembered having seen Mr. Fowler deposit the black bottle on a former occasion; and, having found it, took a pretty good drink. He sighed, helped himself again, then replaced the bottle and glass, wiped his lips with his coat sleeve and said as he left the room,

"Hi know they'd ave hasted me if they'd remained, for they know hi 'ave ha 'appy 'art. I wonder," he continued as he went down the street, "what it was has made them bolt hof so suddenly? Hi 'opes has 'ow 'taint nothing wrong habout my subject, has hit might'ur the hold woman hi was took up. Hit his ha bad time to worrit a woman when there 'as been ha hincrass to the census. Hi a'most wish hi 'adn't been hin this job; but hit's so 'andy to 'ave ha few hextra dollars when one expects ha hincrass that hi couldn't withstand the temptation."

He returned contemplatively to the stand and resumed control of his horse and cab, which had been cared for during his absence by a brother Jeph.

(To be continued.)



LILIAN.—SEE PAGE 146.

for getting himself and other people out of scrapes; and he might see a way out of this which I can't. Yes," he added, after a few contemplative puffs at his cigar which seemed to inspire him, "yes, I'll tell Gus, and hear what he says about it."

When Mr. Johnson reached Mr. Fowler's lodgings, he found that gentleman in close conference with Morton and Farron. They were talking very earnestly together when he entered the room, but stopped their conversation as soon as they saw him, so that a momentary pause ensued.

"Halloa, Polly!" exclaimed Mr. Fowler, breaking the silence, "how are you? Sit down and have a pipe. I'm ever so glad to see you."

Mr. Fowler, however, did not look at all glad; on the contrary he seemed annoyed, and looked very much as if he wished Mr. Johnson at the bottom of the Red Sea, in company with Pharaoh and all his host, or anywhere but where he was.

Mr. Johnson did not take the chair Mr. Fowler kicked towards him, but after speaking to Farron and bowing to Morton said, "Gus, I want to see you about some private business; can you come outside for five minutes?"

"All right," replied Mr. Fowler, looking very much as if he thought it was all wrong; and taking his hat he moved towards the door, after saying to the others, "wait for me, I won't be long."

"What is the matter, old fellow," he said when they had gained the landing.

I am in a fix as to whether I ought to tell the "old boy," don't you see."

There was dead silence in the room for a few seconds, which was broken at last by Morton, but his voice sounded so hard and unnatural that Fowler and Farron involuntarily started as they heard it. He was trying hard to keep cool and hide his emotion, but his face was very pale, his eyes glared fiercely and his lips twitched convulsively as he spoke.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Johnson," he said; "but as an old and trusted friend of Mr. Howson's I will save you the trouble of telling the 'old boy,' by informing him myself. I can't go down to the Police Station with you just now, boys," he continued to Fowler and Farron, "that matter must rest until to-morrow morning. I must see Mr. Howson at once. Give me my hat, boys."

He rose to go, and Fowler and Farron exchanged glances to know whether it would not be better for one or both of them to go with him, but before either of them had time to rise there was a knock at the door, and, in answer to Mr. Farron's cry, "come in," Mr. Boggs entered the room.

"Good evening, gents all," he said giving a sort of general bow, "hi 'opes hi sees you well."

"Wait a moment, Charlie," called Mr. Fowler, as Morton moved toward the door, "I'm going out, and I'll walk a little way with you."

"Make haste, then; I feel as if I was on fire."

Mr. Fowler did not make quite so much haste, however, as was expected of him, for the

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